



# *The American* LEGION MONTHLY



16<sup>th</sup> NATIONAL CONVENTION  
MIAMI *October 22-25*





# ARE YOU A RING TWIDDLER?



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## Check your nervous habits for signs of jangled nerves

Are you worried? Do you sometimes have trouble in getting to sleep? Have you any of those little nervous habits such as twisting your handkerchief—frowning—playing with your ring?

These may all be signs of jangled nerves. And jangled nerves can frequently make you look years older than you are.

So now is the time to check up. Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And watch your smoking.

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Offer expires December 31, 1934

# CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES



# When the JOB SEEKS the MAN

by Fred C. Kelly

Cartoon by George Shanks

IN JUNE last year a senior student at the University of Pittsburgh received six unsolicited offers of good jobs—right at a time, mind you when thousands of men, many of them perhaps more capable than the young college man, were desperately walking the streets in search of work.

The young man mentioned was not the only one who found himself fortunately able to make a choice of several jobs—or positions, as we used to call them—in the midst of the worst unemployment situation in the country's history. Many big corporations last June were actually going to colleges and dropping offers into laps of a few hand-picked men even while compelled to get rid of other employees. As one employer's representative expressed himself: "Right now is a rare opportunity to find good men and start training them for our future needs. We can find promising human material now that we might not be able to obtain in a time of severe competition from other employers."

At Purdue University, representatives of seventy-three corporations hired 240 men, or about half the senior class. But the university nevertheless felt strongly aware of the industrial depression, for the previous year about 200 corporations had offered jobs to the entire senior class. While many college graduates have been wandering about along with the rest of the unemployed, wondering how to turn their education to profit, the surprising thing is not the number unable to obtain jobs immediately upon graduation, but the number that did.

From all this is one to infer that college graduates are really more desirable employees than non-college men? Not exactly. The chances are that many jobs which went to college men might have been filled just as acceptably by men who never saw a college classroom. True, many jobs require special training that must be obtained either in college or elsewhere; but an important point in favor of hiring a college man is entirely apart from his training or immediate fitness. One of the college man's greatest attractions to an employer is his *predictability*. He may not be any better equipped than another man who would like the same job, but the college man may be less of



Many big corporations were going to colleges and dropping offers into laps of a few hand-picked men

a gamble. It is possible to learn at a glance more about his traits, aptitudes and general background than an average non-college man could tell about himself, no matter how willing he might be to reveal all. In short, the college man is a laboratory-tested product. Every college with a well-conducted personnel department can supply a mass of data about a graduate designed to indicate how he may be expected to perform in a new situation. If a student's record is one of mental nimbleness and adaptability, a big employer may be justified in assuming that he will do well in almost any job to his liking. Each year it becomes a little easier to use known facts about a man as a means of forecasting those still unknown. Almost any employer can find a good man capable of development, if he keeps trying various applicants; but the ideal way to hire is when one knows in advance just how good a man will be. (Continued on page 46)

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion*

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## IT'S SUMMER—AND MORE THAN EVER TO DO

IT IS the season of post picnics and automobile tours, the season of Legion dances and lawn parties. All out-of-doors calls to the post which doesn't fold up at the first heat wave. Legion bathing beaches re-open. Legion camps everywhere. Legion playgrounds too. In rest and play, the Legion regenerates its body and mind for the hard jobs ahead. Summer means opportunity.

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*In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new*



Don't worry... I won't  
bring him again



# "The man who doesn't keep clean shaven is *never welcome*"

SAYS ALICE-LEONE MOATS, FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "NO NICE GIRL SWEARS"



Alice-Leone Moats

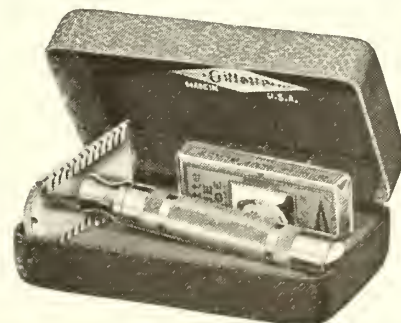
Of course he isn't welcome. Who *could* make a good impression with a growth of stubble on his face! Most men know this is true—yet far too many are careless about shaving.

If there is any doubt that shaving is essential in keeping the respect of others, listen to the words of Alice-Leone Moats. Famous authority on modern manners, Miss Moats brought etiquette up to date in her sensational best-seller, "No Nice Girl Swears." She knows the woman's viewpoint—has helped thousands to get along with others—win new friends and keep old ones.

Says Miss Moats: "No woman cares to entertain or be seen with a man who neglects shaving. He may think he is getting away with it—but the truth is, a careless shave only too clearly implies that the offender thinks so little of his hostess that he cannot be bothered about his appearance. In fact, failure to shave *carefully* is an affront that women simply will not overlook."

Why take a chance on stubble when shaving is so quick and easy with today's Gillette "Blue Blade"! At the new low prices you can afford to change blades frequently and make every shave a perfect shave. Just try this and see. You will agree that the comfort and satisfaction you get can not be measured in pennies.

If you haven't a Gillette razor ask your dealer for the "Red and Black" special or see coupon below. Remember—the Gillette Razor with its flexible blade is adjustable to the special requirements of your beard. Without this essential feature no razor can be entirely satisfactory.



## Gillette

### BLUE BLADES

*Now* 5 FOR 25¢  
10 FOR 49¢

Gold-Plated Gillette Razor and 5 Gillette "Blue Blades" Only 49c

● Heavily gold-plated with new-style "husky" handle. Comes in handsome red and black case with 5 Gillette "Blue Blades." If your dealer cannot supply you, send coupon and 49 cents to:—

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Safety Razor Co.  
Boston, Mass.

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Address.....

City.....

State.....

ALE-4



Hear Gene and Glenn on the air every night except Saturday and Sunday. WEA and coast-to-coast hook-up: 6:15 E. S. T. or 9:15 C. S. T.





"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills"

# LAND HUNGER

*By William H. Garrigus*

A CONNECTICUT VETERAN HEARS THE CALL OF THE AGRICULTURAL STRAIN IN HIS BLOOD AND ALLOWS TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT

**D**URING the early days of the New Deal, the National Industrial Recovery Act became law. The original appropriation was three billion three hundred million dollars, a sizable sum in any kind of money. The idea was to prime the pumps of business and force a flow of money through the pockets of the farmer, the laborer and the industrialist back into the dried-up channels of trade.

We have seen some of this money at work and watched many men go back onto payrolls again. The stimulation has been felt all down the line and there can be no doubt that this action came at the very moment when we faced a national crisis. How near we were to national catastrophe is now common knowledge. But what of the future?

Appropriations of this size cannot go on indefinitely. Veterans have already been warned about national credit and have had the bitter experience of being out in front during the economy drive. We realize that the bonded indebtedness of the nation will soon be at a new high and we expect to shoulder our full share of the responsibility through the medium of increased taxes.

In those appropriations of last year, there was one item of twenty-five millions set aside for subsistence homesteads, to take people away from the crowded centers of population and send them back to the farm. The plan was constructive and it rated better execution than it has had to date. Press and radio advertised it, magazines published articles about it. Farm-bred citizens

who had turned their backs on agriculture for the more spectacular gains of industrial life saw a new hope in the plan. They saw a new chance to get back to security on the land. But would this back-to-the-land movement work into something practical or would it simply provide some more soft jobs for a favored few?

Not so long ago Dan Edwards, a Congressional Medal of Honor man, wrote his ideas in our magazine about rehabilitation. Dan wanted a farm. With many of us, he felt that the Government could do a better job if it furnished a man some opportunity to help himself rather than simply to pay compensation in small monthly installments that would just keep him from actual want. Many disabled men have expressed the same idea. Many of us have passed the forty-year deadline and realize the uncertainty of employment in industry, but we are still young enough to work out a very satisfactory living on the land. Most of us have the necessary ambition and the will to succeed.

Health, security, independence—all await the family that has the good sense and the means to return to the land. Not to specialization and the huge surpluses of commercial farming; not to wheat, corn or dairy products, but to subsistence farming. The very life of an agrarian people, the elbow room, the clean air and sunshine, the smell of the earth itself mean health and contentment. On the farm children have the chance to develop naturally, among the growing things about them.

Sunrise over your own domain. Your (Continued on page 48)

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



# NEW TIRE SAVES LIVES

## — Gives Months of Extra Miles

**New Goodrich Silvertown Only  
Tire That Gives You Golden  
Ply Blow-Out Protection**

**H**AVE you ever had a blow-out speeding along at 40, 50 or 60 miles an hour? Have you ever felt the steering wheel torn from your hands as if an invisible giant gripped it? Have you ever lived through those sickening seconds when your car lurches wildly from the road to crash in spite of all you can do?

### An amazing invention

It's a risk no man should run. A risk no man has a right to expect his family to run. Especially since Goodrich engineers have now perfected the Life-Saver Golden Ply—the amazing new invention that makes the "safest tire ever built" 3 times safer from blow-outs at today's high speeds.

### What causes blow-outs

Today, due to high-powered motors and smaller wheels, the heat generated *inside* the tire is terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny *blister* forms. And grows—bigger—until **BANG!** A blow-out!

But now, to protect you and your family, every new Goodrich Silvertown has the amazing new Life-Saver Golden Ply. This invention resists heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus blisters don't form inside the tire. The great, unseen *cause* of blow-outs is eliminated *before* it begins.

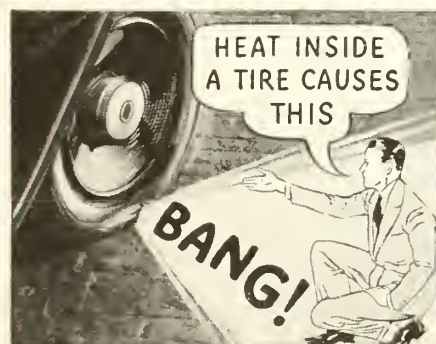
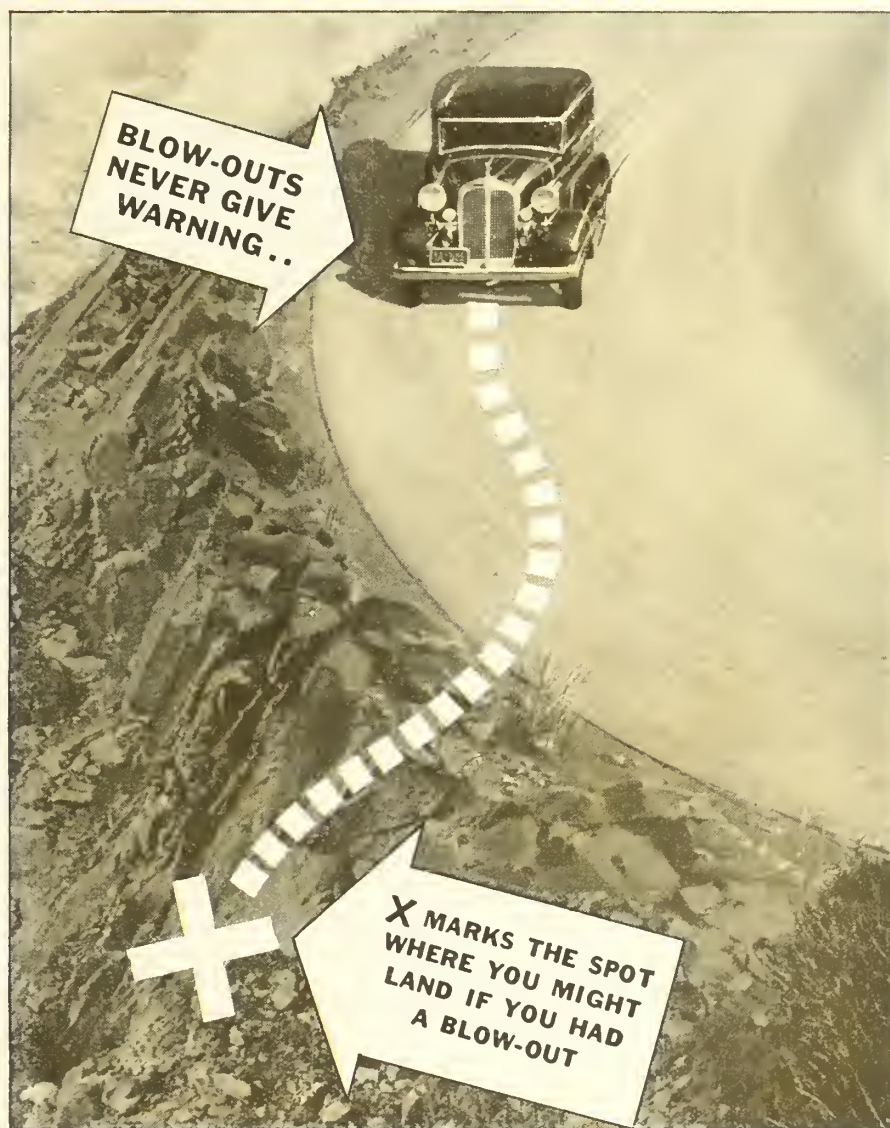
### Here's proof!

Racing daredevils tested out the Golden Ply at breakneck speeds. Tested it on the world's fastest track. Not one blow-out. Similar tires *without* the Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance the Golden Ply Silvertowns were run.

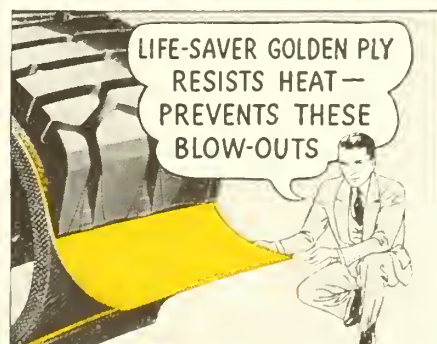
Why take chances when you can be 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds—get months of extra mileage—at no extra cost! Goodrich Safety Silvertowns cost no more than other standard tires. Look for the dealer displaying the Goodrich sign or for your Goodrich dealer's name under "Tires" in your Classified Telephone Directory.



**FREE!** Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 373, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.



Heat starts "invisible blisters," which grow bigger and bigger until "BANG" . . . a blow-out.



Life-Saver Golden Ply makes Silvertowns 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds.

**The NEW Goodrich Safety Silvertown**  
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Copyright, 1934, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.



*Oasis*

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*The Famous* LONDON DRY GIN

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**DIXIE BELLE**  
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For tall, cool drinks  
on long, hot days — mix with  
**DIXIE BELLE** dry GIN. It has the pleasant,  
aromatic flavor that comes from controlled distil-  
lation — with a subtle bouquet that adds delicious  
fragrance to cooling rickeys, fizzes and cocktails.  
Other Continental products: Diplomat Straight Bourbon  
and Rittenhouse Square Straight Rye Whiskies, Envoy  
Club, Snug Harbor and Sweep Stakes Whiskies  
and Cavalier Distilled Dry Gin.

**DIXIE BELLE** DISTILLED *dry* **GIN**

Distilled by CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION · PHILA.



# The CAPTAIN'S BIRTHDAY

by  
James E. Darst

Illustrations by  
Kenneth Fuller Camp

*A HOME-CAMP Comedy Wherein  
the Best-Laid Plans of a Scheming  
Top Kick Collide With the Innocent Strat-  
egy of Number Four in the Rear Rank*

TWO hundred and twenty men, clad in bunched olive drab and sporting brass collar-ornaments that proclaimed them members of H Company, Six Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Infantry, sat at pine tables in their mess hall and watched, with some fascination and a measure of alarm, the more or less deft ministrations of a trio of Medical Corps functionaries.

These medicos, a sergeant and two bucks, were busy at one of the quaint ceremonials that tended to relieve the monotony of those early days in 1918 when the first flush of the novelty of camp life had faded and the business of making war revealed itself as nine parts hard work and one part disquieting rumor. The hospital corps men, then, were swabbing throats to find out if any members of H Company were carriers of diphtheria.

Private Merwin Stookey, second squad, third platoon, watched the proceedings with only a modicum of anxiety. He took note that the men around him did not groan when the cotton swabs were poked down their throats, neither did they faint. Therefore, reasoned Private Stookey, with the analytical dexterity of a Newton, there was no pain connected with the process. When it came his turn he held open a mouth more generous of space than of teeth and suffered his throat to be swabbed and the result made a matter of Uncle Sam's official records.

The brusque summons to a soldier's life had been the first real intimation to Private Stookey that some sort of trouble had arisen between another nation and his own. He had heard people talking about it, those few times he had come to the crossroads village on errands for an exacting father, but he hadn't had time to pay much attention. Well, there was a good deal of truth in the report, he found, and a few months later he was taking his initial train ride down out of the hills and entering upon an amazing series of experiences.

The philosophy that Stookey developed under the first impact of the unknown was that of the tree newt or the oyster, namely, to lie low and attract as little attention as possible. He stood in awe of the new-found companions of his squad, debonair worldlings as they were. He took a good deal of rough handling from them at first. But an innate shrewdness prompted him to keep his ears open and learn. Lately he had felt that he was being ac-



Stookey had found  
out it was best to  
lie low and attract  
as little attention  
as possible



cepted as a fellow human being, a member in good standing of the outfit. It was pleasant.

The corporal, sitting next to Stookey, was telling the boys the news. "... And he got it straight from the company clerk. Yes-sir, they're gettin' ready to transfer part of this outfit to a division that's going right overseas."

Private Stookey heard but did not comprehend.

"It's this way," elaborated the corporal. "There's divisions going to France, they tell me, is shy of men. Need more soldiers—get it? That is to say, they ain't up to full stren'th. So what do they do? Start grabbin', grabbin' and fillin' up their ranks with men outa divisions like ours that I don't guess is ever goin' anywhere further away than the rifle range. They're always doin' that."

"You mean they are goin' to break up our outfit to fill up them other divisions?" asked one of the squad, wishing to get the thing entirely straight.

"Yup," confirmed the corporal.

Stookey was comprehending now. "They," then, were planning the wilful disintegration of number two squad, third platoon, that finely balanced and intricate mechanism that the corporal had so painstakingly wrought. Why, "they" might take number three man, rear rank, who in the execution of squads right had to march three paces straight ahead, seemingly at mutiny with his fellows, only to make an abrupt swerving at precisely the correct moment to rejoin them. A pretty maneuver, that, and a shame to remove a man who had mastered it. Or they might seize that indispensable fellow, number one man, front rank, the very pivot himself. Yes, and they might take him, Stookey, a man of great promise if spotty performance in the post of number four man, rear rank.

"Please, do you know who's a-goin'?" he croaked to the corporal.

"Well, not for sure. First sergeant's makin' up the list."

"Do you reckon—do you figure that they might—"

"Well, yup, Stookey, I do. I wouldn't be exactly surprised if they grabbed you. I'd hate to see you go, too, when you're startin' to get the hang of things pretty good." He watched Stookey as he drooped. "Tell you what, you might go see the first sergeant and find out if your name's on the list and if it is, get him to take it off. Go talk to him after this formation."

Private Stookey stared at him. What was the man saying? Why, he had never yet taken any such bold and arrogant step in his whole life, much less in the Army. And what a step this that the corporal was so carelessly proposing! To brace First Sergeant Menefee, ask him a question, seek of him a favor!

As if to make fully manifest the brash enormity of such a proposal, First Sergeant Menefee bulked into view at this very moment. Stookey watched him as he, too, held open his mouth for the swab, joked a moment with the medical sergeant, and stood surveying the company. A huge, bulging man in his middle thirties, very square of shoulder, very piercing of eye. An energetic man, a hearty man, given to great bustlings of activity and loud pronouncements. A go-getter. Stookey winced as he toyed with the idea of actually coming to grips with this individual.

Sergeant Menefee bellowed. "Attention, you birds! Well, we shot this whole morning to let those pill-rollers monkey with our throats. Any of you guys show up as carriers you get carried to the isolation camp for a long, long stay. It's just about noon now, too late to march out to drill grounds, so you men go to your quarters and get busy cleaning your rifles. This afternoon we'll make up for this mornung's loafing. Fall out!"

The two hundred and twenty disbanded with a great clamor. Out of the mess hall they streamed, where the cooks were already busy ladling potatoes from one great container to another, jabbing forks into roasts, peering in at coffee and letting its aroma escape tantalizingly into the circumambient air.

Private Stookey lingered on, screwing up his courage. Oh, he didn't want to be snatched out of number two squad just as he was getting the hang of things, like the corporal said. First Sergeant Menefee was lingering, too. He was talking importantly to the cook, and that individual was snapping his fingers to a helper. The man thus summoned brought a pie, holding it aloft in its tin so that even Stookey from where he sat could mark how the fruit juices had dripped down over the edges of the crust. The



cook sliced into it and Sergeant Menefee employed a fork, nodding judiciously.

He finished the slice, tossed an approving gesture to the cook and came hulking down the aisle directly toward Private Stookey. Stookey gulped, steeled himself, cleared his throat. Sergeant Menefee stood before him.

"Stookey," he barked, "I want to see you in the orderly room right away. Follow me on in."

The initiative thus snatched from his not unwilling grasp, Stookey moved after the sergeant. He was close enough to tread his very heels, but Menefee slammed the door in his face and Stookey, brought up short, blinked and knocked feebly.

In the orderly room he found the sergeant already strenuously busy at his desk, making his usual show of activity. Company Clerk Otis moved impassively about his mysterious duties.

"Stand at attention, Stookey." Sergeant Menefee surveyed him with obvious disfavor. "Well, we're going to get rid of you."

"Me, Sergeant?"



"Correct. Don't know whether you heard, probably wouldn't understand if you did, but we're gonna transfer some men to other divisions. Swell chance to get rid of dead timber. About twenty men to go from this company and you're the first one that we've picked."

The dubious honor brought Stookey no pleasure. "Well?" the non-com quickly added.

"But please, Sergeant, I don't want to git sent away from this here crowd."

"Well, sir, that ought to settle it. What they aim to do in this man's Army is satisfy everybody. Don't want to force a fellow to do anything he don't want. Stookey, I called you in here to tell you you're goin' to be transferred, want to or not. I'm going

He began shoving papers around and Stookey shambled from the room.

LET us quit the side of Private Merwin Stookey, faltering to join his buddies, and turn again to Sergeant Menefee, alone in the orderly room save for Company Clerk Otis.

Menefee, we have said, was a go-getter. He was more than that—he was a crafty and resourceful politician. Before his advent into the Army he had been one of the most active and ambitious members of the central committee of the dominant party in his city's affairs. He determined to be just as pushing and ambitious in the Army. Human nature was much the same, he doped it, whether covered with frock coat or khaki. It was his dish.



**"I was just a-playin' cyards with them boys and havin' a mighty nice time, too, when they busted in"**

to give you a furlough at home before you go. You can leave camp a week from today, that's Friday, and you won't have to come back and report here until Monday evening. How's that for fair?"

"Me, I wasn't figurin' on goin' home."

"Well, you're going. That's settled."

Stookey was desperate. "But Sergeant, please, I was fixin' to come in here and have a confab with you about this very thing. I'm in a squad now with fellers I know and git along with. The corporal says I'm startin' to learn real good. Me, I want to stay right there with them boys in number two."

"No, no, you're picked. Dead timber, Stookey—we got to get rid of it. You can write your folks you'll be home to see 'em next week. Move out."

Menefee had picked up a few rudiments of military lore that time the old man had sent him away to military school for a term. When Captain Montgomery asked the assembled company, early in October, who among them had had military training, Menefee shot his huge paw up first. That evening he was the top kick.

He maintained himself in that position through the difficult days that followed. To do so required all the desperate agility of a tight-rope walker over Niagara Falls. There were abler non-coms in the company, and the fact pushed itself to the surface. Captain Montgomery baffled him—calm and cold and exacting. The man had a weakness for keeping his own counsel, was even largely impervious to flattery. Although constantly scheming, Menefee never felt safe.

He had burning ambition to move a notch ahead, too. The third officers' training camp loomed, a chance for selected non-coms to batter their way into second lieutenantcies. The company commanders were to do the selecting. It made Menefee frantic that Captain Montgomery had never even mentioned the matter to him.



Company Clerk Otis, who had observed Menefee's rough handling of poor Stookey and indeed had witnessed many such instances of the sergeant's brusquerie in the past, opened a conversation.

"I picked up an interesting piece of news at regimental headquarters this morning."

"Well, lemme have it."

"They tell me the third battalion has already selected its candidates for officers' school."

"What's that? I don't believe it!"

"Just telling you what I heard. Four non-coms to go from each company. I guess the story's straight, all right."

Menefee leaped to his feet and paced the floor. "Well, what do you think of that! Third battalion all ready to go! Why don't our captain do something? Why don't he make up his mind who's going from this company? Gee, I can't understand it, Otis. Why do you figure he's holding back?"

Otis twisted the knife. "Oh, I dunno. Maybe he ain't going to send anybody."

Menefee stared. "But that ain't reasonable, Otis. You don't think he'd do that? Gee, he's gotta pick somebody and there ain't any time to waste." He spasmodically clenched his fists and threw an anguished look to heaven.

The door opened and Captain Montgomery came in. He nodded to Menefee and went over and sat near Otis. Menefee was watching him with the concentrated eagerness of a dog regarding a proffered bone.

The captain asked Otis, "How are the men coming in on insurance? The colonel wants us to sign every man up. Any of them holding out?"

Menefee strode over and interrupted. "Only a few, Captain. I've been cracking down on them about it. Did the captain happen to hear anything from the colonel about the officers' school?"

Captain Montgomery regarded Menefee gravely. "No, Sergeant, I don't believe I did."

"I understand, sir, the third battalion has selected its candidates."

"Well, we must remember that the third battalion is always forehanded in everything. Why, Major Buffington tells me all his men have taken out insurance. One hundred percent."

"Yessir. Of course the captain realizes the time is awfully short for the officers' school."

"Oh, time enough, I guess." Captain Montgomery, with a thin smile, turned back to Otis and the discussion of insurance. Menefee hovered in the background like an impatient ghost. Presently the captain finished his business and departed. Menefee now bent his beetling brows on Otis.

"Kept putting me off, did you notice it? I tell you, Otis, he don't realize how short the time is. Something's got to be done."

He went to the window and gazed out, racking his brain. Was the captain turning against him? Was he planning to pass him up for the officers' camp? Oh, this mustn't be! There must be some tour de force, some master stroke of diplomacy that would save the day.

An idea! He strode to Otis's desk and pawed through the insurance records. Came upon the captain's papers. Scanned

**Menefee had to struggle to keep his hands off him. "So you got robbed!" he snarled**



through them eagerly. Ah, yes, there it was. Triumph! He grasped Otis by the shoulder.

"I've got it! Otis, the captain's birthday is February 8th, just a week from Monday. I've just looked it up there in those insurance papers. Well, we're going to give him a banquet."

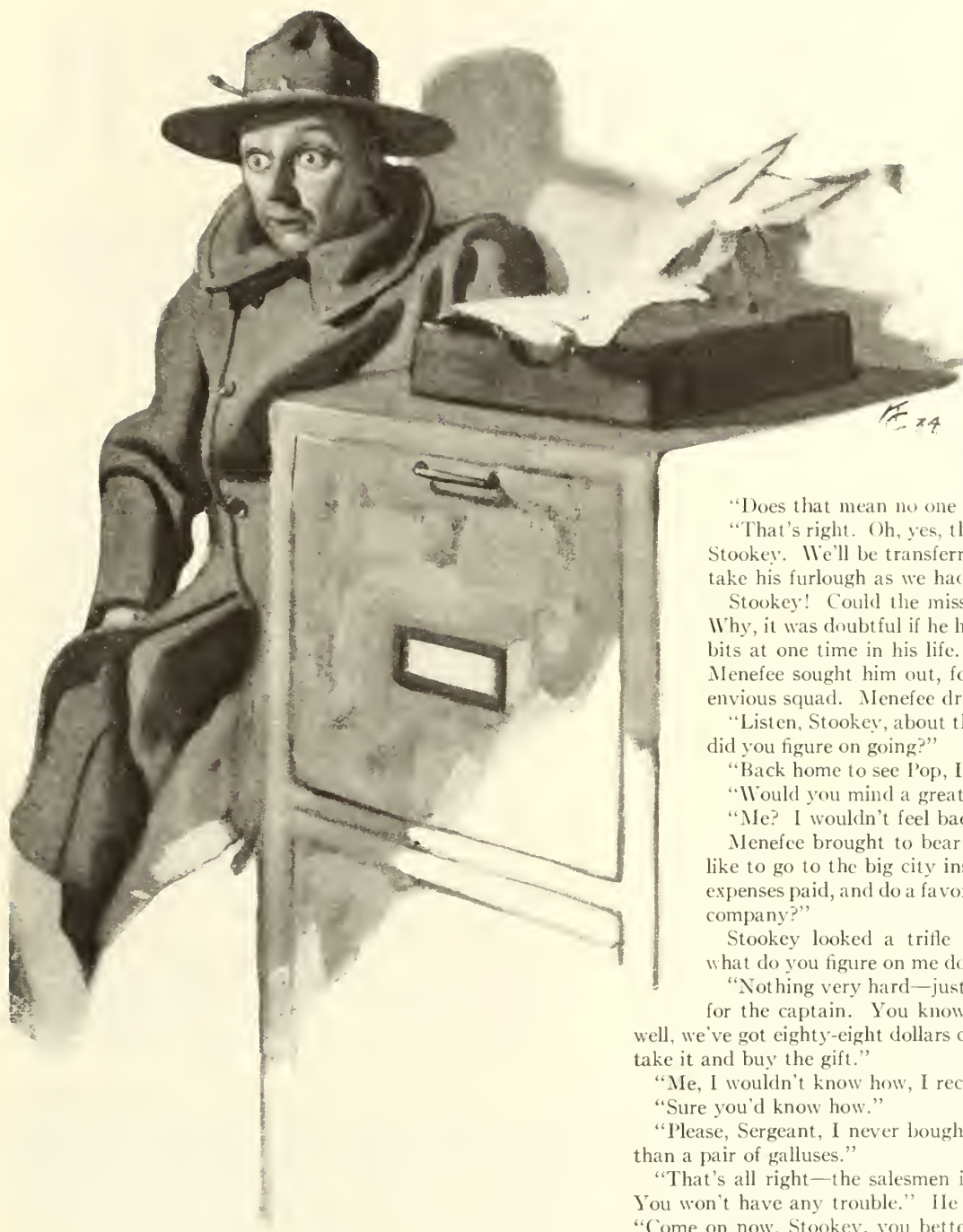
"We are?"

"Yes, and not only that, we're going to give him a swell present. Oh, we'll do this up right! Look, Otis, I'll take up a collection among the men and I'll go to town and buy him something that'll knock him off his pins. A watch, say. Then I'll present it to him at the banquet. I'll loosen him up like a shot of dynamite in a quarry!"

Otis eyed him coldly. "Sergeant, I don't care so much for your scheme. A lot of the men know they're going to be transferred and won't feel much like chipping in for a present. Then they're loaded down with allotments and this insurance. I don't think they'd want to do it for you."

"Maybe they won't want to, but they will. I'll make 'em come





through all right. And we'll keep the present a secret, Otis. Anybody let's out a cheep to the captain I'll murder him."

First Sergeant Menefee prevailed. True, as Otis had predicted, there was grumbling amounting almost to mutiny, an outspoken unwillingness to contribute to the greater glory of Sergeant Menefee. But perfect organization brought results. Corporals were made into team captains for purposes of collection. No excuses were accepted, but legal tender in any denomination was. After four days of an intensive drive the sum of eighty-eight dollars was in hand, Sergeant Menefee's hand, with which to buy the captain's birthday present. The captain was still unaware of the impending honor.

This was a Tuesday; the birthday was the following Monday. Menefee gave the mess sergeant complete instructions for the gala dinner in the company mess hall. There remained only the task of selecting the gift.

Menefee conferred with Otis about this. They vetoed the original idea of a watch. The captain already had two. A horse? Well, not for eighty-eight dollars, and besides he couldn't take it to France. A traveling bag? Okeh, but could a person spend eighty-eight dollars on one article of luggage? A piece of furniture? Captain Montgomery was unmarried. Well, confound it,

concluded Menefee, a man can wait until he gets to the swell stores in the big city and he won't have any trouble making a selection. Friday evening Sergeant Menefee was set to go, the eighty-eight dollars pinned in a hip pocket. The train came through at six. Just before five Captain Montgomery summoned him. All week-end furloughs were canceled, he announced. Something about a new class in French he intended to start.

Menefee swallowed hard. Was this the end, then, of his whole plan?

"Does that mean no one can leave camp, Captain?"

"That's right. Oh, yes, there's one exception—Private Stookey. We'll be transferring him next week. Let him take his furlough as we had planned."

Stookey! Could the mission be handed over to him? Why, it was doubtful if he had ever spent more than two bits at one time in his life. But he was the only hope. Menefee sought him out, found him in the midst of his envious squad. Menefee drew him aside.

"Listen, Stookey, about that furlough of yours. Where did you figure on going?"

"Back home to see Pop, I reckon."

"Would you mind a great deal if you didn't see him?"

"Me? I wouldn't feel bad at all."

Menefee brought to bear all his charm. "How'd you like to go to the big city instead, Stookey, with all your expenses paid, and do a favor for me, a favor for the whole company?"

Stookey looked a trifle uneasy. "Please, Sergeant, what do you figure on me doin'?"

"Nothing very hard—just pick out a birthday present for the captain. You know how all of us chipped in—well, we've got eighty-eight dollars collected, and we want you to take it and buy the gift."

"Me, I wouldn't know how, I reckon."

"Sure you'd know how."

"Please, Sergeant, I never bought nothin' fancier in my time than a pair of galluses."

"That's all right—the salesmen in the stores will fix you up. You won't have any trouble." He threw in a touch of menace. "Come on now, Stookey, you better be reasonable!"

"All right, Sergeant, I'll do it."

Saturday morning found Private Stookey in the city. He got himself a room at a hotel near the station, clutched the eighty-eight dollars in a moist paw and set forth. A policeman, smiling at his uniformed uncouthness, directed him to the shopping district. Stookey entered one of the more fashionable establishments.

It was war time, you will remember, and a seller's paradise. Stores could dispose of anything on their shelves at any price. A supercilious young man whose manner frightened Stookey took him in tow. Oh, yes, he could help him. Something for eighty-eight dollars? No trouble at all about that. Half an hour later the clerk was not so sure. Stookey had developed an unexpected stubbornness. He refused to hasten his choice between a glittering silver set, a tooled morocco edition of Shakespeare, and a fitted bag that left little to the imagination. Stookey kept evading the clerk's questions. He sneaked out when the man had his head buried in a top shelf.

Down the street he scurried. The window of a sporting-goods house caught his eye. Everything for the moors and uplands. Stookey was tempted by a display of fowling-pieces. But he decided not. Somehow a shotgun for an infantry captain in war-time seemed superfluous.

(Continued on page 50)



# That EARLIER

**WHEN** the present American Legion was organized at Paris in the spring of 1919, its founders were moderately disconcerted to learn that the name had been legally adopted and registered four years earlier. The early christener was Arthur Sullivan Hoffman, editor of *Adventure*, and he gladly agreed to the transfer of the title of the defunct organization to the one which had just sprung to life. The story of "that earlier American Legion" is Hoffman's to tell before all the world

**T**HE American Legion's grandfather was born in Costa Rica, Central America, in the early summer of 1914, before the outbreak of the World War. He was, as a matter of fact, still-born, but he managed to leave behind him a son who passed the name on to the most famous member of the family.

Before explaining this rather stiff statement, the Legion's genealogy should be outlined in full. An excellent article by William S. Vawter on the "four American Legions" in the *Kansas Legionnaire* of December, 1927, tells of the first organization to bear the name—the American Legion of Honor, organized December 18, 1878, whose supreme council was incorporated the following year in Massachusetts. But its purpose was fraternal only, and it died in its twenties. Turning to a collateral branch of the family, the 97th Overseas Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, known also as The American Legion, needs no introduction.\*

But returning to Costa Rica, a young American, E. D. Cooke, wrote a letter from Port Limon to a New York magazine, *Adventure*, whose "Camp-Fire" department was a clearing-house for all those who at one time or another had felt the world was "for to admire and for to see" and had acted accordingly. He made this suggestion:

"The other suggestion is based on my belief that in ten years or less time the U. S. is going to find herself in a man-sized fight. I vote that all of us who are drifting around, and who would ordinarily volunteer to fight for our country, begin to form some sort of a volunteer organization now through *Adventure*. Then, if something turns up, we can all get together and volunteer

\* See The American Legion Monthly, July, 1929, page 44.

## NATION GETS ROSTER OF AMERICAN LEGION

Members Numbering 24,000 Will Now Be at Disposal of the War Department.

### ORGANIZATION TO DISBAND

Private Band of Patriotic Citizens Accomplishes Aim to Become Semi-Public Institution.

The American Legion, which was organized in February of 1915 to correlate information about men who were willing and able to serve the country in a military or technical capacity in time of war, will disband on the first of January, as its lists have been taken over by the Council of National Defense. This means that what began as a private organization of patriotic citizens—many of them former soldiers, sailors, or National Guardsmen—becomes a semi-public institution whose members are now at the disposal of the War Department, which can place them in the various reserve corps now under organization.

**Text of Letter Sent to Members.**  
A letter on the subject sent by the Directors of the Legion—Alexander M. White, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Arthur S. Hoffman, E. Ormonde Power, and Julien T. Davies, Jr.—to each of the members follows:

AMERICAN LEGION, INC.,  
10 Hollis Street,  
New York City.

To the Enrolled Members of the American Legion:

Your Board of Directors desires to inform you that, acting under the direction of the Secretary of War (Hon. Newton D. Baker) the records of this Legion, containing the names of nearly 25,000 members classified by military and technical experience, have been turned over to the Council of National Defense, created by recent legislation. This action is the result of an extended correspondence with the War Department and has been in fulfillment of the avowed purpose of the American Legion since its inception. Accordingly the Board of Directors have passed a resolution to disincorporate the American Legion on Jan. 1, 1919, and on and after that date the enrolled members

are of course released from all obligation of promise of service or payment of dues.

Since the Legion was formed in February, 1915, the War Department and the Navy Department, as well as many officers in both services, have been acquainted with its plan and purpose and in the case of the War Department with the progress of its work from time to time. There has been no question of the value of the known work to the National Government, in any movement looking to adequate national security, but in spite of continued correspondence the Government has taken no definite practical step to avail itself of these records until within the last few weeks. Without the assistance and assistance of the Government a civilian organization cannot hope to render an efficient service of this sort and it is the hope now of your Directors that the Government will make active use of the records surrendered to them. We have requested the Chairman of the Council for National Defense, the Secretary of War, to communicate with each enrolled member of the American Legion, in order that his willingness to render service, as expressed by his Legion membership, can be made use of by the Government, through the officers Reserve Corps or in such other ways as the Council for National Defense may desire.

Members desiring to render further individual service may well consider joining the American Red Cross, which seems to increase its membership largely throughout the country and which is formally recognized by act of Congress. The dues are \$1 yearly. Correspondence on this matter should be addressed to the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., or to the local chapter in your territory.

The work of the Legion could not have been accomplished but for the financial support of one generous and patriotic citizen not a member of the Legion. We identify the Directors are not at liberty to disclose.

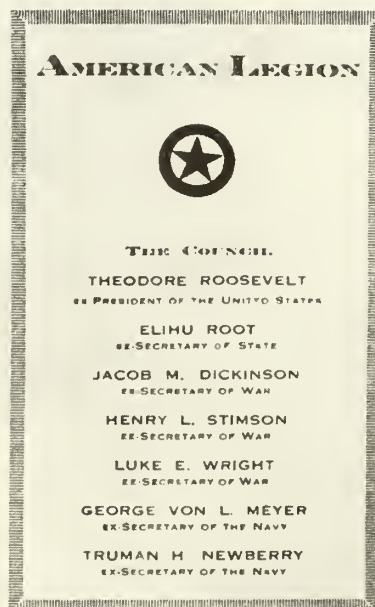
AMERICAN LEGION, INC.  
The Board of Directors.

### Legion Suggested by *Adventure*.

The idea of the American Legion started with a letter written by E. D. Cooke, an American adventurer in Costa Rica, to a New York magazine shortly after the war began. The writer suggested a sort of reserve of adventurers, so that men used to the rough-and-ready life would be able to take part in the event of war involving the United States, to get together into an organization which would not be handicapped by a percentage of men in poor physical condition or without experience in taking care of themselves.

Ever since its formation the Directors of the Legion have been working for the War Department's recognition, which has now been granted. Until now there has been made on the reserve lists of the Legion, and that was a hurry request for a hundred chauffeurs during the mobilization on the Mexican border, when motor trucks were being shipped to the front faster than drivers could be found to man them. Telegrams were sent to 100 men listed as capable automobile drivers on the Legion's rolls, and 100 of them promptly went to the front and into the service.

The curtain falls—the New York Times records in its issue of December 26, 1916, the transfer to the War Department of the Legion's roster. At left, front cover of the folder which contained the Legion's constitution and by-laws. The names of ex-President William Howard Taft and ex-Secretary of the Navy Charles J. Bonaparte were added later



in a body. And the fellows who have fought with and against each other in some of the Spigotty wars will go in together, knowing that every one in the outfit can obey orders and handle a gun. Personally, when I get into a scrap I like to know that the fellows with me are not going to go up in the air when they get in a tight place."

Later Cooke came to that magazine's office to see me, I being its editor, but that was four years later. He was then a first lieutenant of infantry in New York on a brief mission from France, and a fine upstanding officer he was. We had become friends and occasionally I heard from him at the front—a German five-mark note lies before me, inscribed "Bois de Belleau, June 11/18." But I have not heard from him since.

That letter from Port Limon interested me, for I too smelled war ahead and our unpreparedness stunk. It must have been June or early July, 1914, when the letter came, but magazines are made up considerably ahead of time and the November issue, appearing in October, 1914, was the earliest into



# AMERICAN LEGION

By Arthur  
Sullivant  
Hoffman

which I could put Cooke's suggestion of what amounted to another "rough rider" regiment. To his argument of safe company was added the better chance of getting to the front quickly; the skeleton militia of the day was likely to have trouble filling out its cavalry, field artillery, engineer and sanitary complements, so special units, as well as one or more infantry regiments, were suggested for what I christened the "Legion." The name had begun to hatch; also the idea of specialization.

The magazine was to act as clearing-house and October brought prompt replies. One reader suggested a medical unit; one sent me the form used by the British Legion of Frontiersmen, suggesting surveyor, flying and other units. The specialization grew in my mind; modern warfare was developing it to a degree thitherto unknown. Investigation bared appalling facts. The United States Army and Navy did not even have any record of men honorably discharged from the regular services—no knowledge of their addresses, not even a list of their names. And these, with a standing army of less than 100,000, were our only thoroughly trained front-line troops and naval reserve—thoroughly trained, that is, by the standards existing in this country before the World War.

As to any specialization beyond the actual enlisted personnel, the Government did not even have a list of the trades and professions necessary to the modern war-machine. Even after Europe had been aflame for months and when there was already question of whether we should be drawn into it! It is incredible, but it is true.

So I, a layman, a private citizen, with no more knowledge than



AMERICAN LEGION, INC.

10 BRIDGE STREET

NEW YORK CITY

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Robert Paul Simmons

HAS BEEN FOUND QUALIFIED AND IS ENROLLED

AS SERVICE MEMBER NO. 10929 OF THE

AMERICAN LEGION, INC., AND IS ENTITLED TO

WEAR ITS INSIGNIA.

ATTEST.

*J. E. Hausmann*  
SECRETARY

*Am. M. White*  
PRESIDENT

Membership card in the pre-war American Legion. The emblem approximated that of The American Legion Auxiliary of today

the average man in the street, set about making such a list, with no sources of information except the general war news and such common sense as I could muster. Funny, isn't it? Yes, and tragic. But even a layman, once he gave his attention to it, could see that here was involved a tremendous and complex nation-wide machinery. Help, quite clearly, was needed—some very quickly. Most of all, help to get still more help in endless amount—for it might be a life-and-death matter.

Dr. John E. Hausmann, who had served in the Medical Corps

of the Volunteer Army, responded to my plea as follows—he resigned his position as chemist to a corporation in order to give all his time, heart and brain to this work. He and I elected him acting secretary. By this time it was January, 1915, and we had progressed to this stage: We had a few pages in a popular fiction magazine as headquarters, clearing-house and sole means of publicity; some applications for membership, enthusiastic but a mere handful; an acting secretary, serving without pay; an incomplete list of trades and professions; and I had enlarged the  
(Continued on page 42)



Watching the bulletin boards in 1915, when collars were hard and high



# SWORDS, PLOUGH-

*By Fairfax*  
*Decoration by*



**R**EMEMBER those months after April, '17, when many of us were broomstick infantry, log artillery, and saw-horse cavalry? For a while America marching to war looked like a parade of the wooden soldiers.

How the Allies held the line and furnished us the arms we lacked at first—how by efforts extraordinary, but necessarily confused and extravagant, we at length made ready—how the Atlantic Ocean was a bottleneck which further retarded the flow of essential equipment to our men in the trenches—that is history. Our troops finally went into battle well trained and equipped. Too much time, that essence of victory, had not been lost, and we helped to win the war.

The point is, did we learn anything from an experience which might easily have been far more bitter than it was? Has a lesson, vainly taught by all our previous wars, been taken to heart at last? That is a question which any veteran, in view of the possibility of a future conflict, must ask for himself or his sons.

The answer is yes. We have learned and we have acted and are acting on our knowledge. The result is our plans for industrial mobilization and procurement of supplies in war.

To the popular mind preparedness has usually meant the maintenance of military forces and their readiness for employment in the field of battle. But the World War demonstrated that whole nations, and not armies and navies alone, wage wars. Hence, preparedness today means not only the maintenance of adequate armed forces, but also the readiness of the nation to support those armed forces with every resource at its command. Thus preparedness for war has come to include military preparation and economic preparation. Along with the plans for mobilization and training of the nation's manpower, there must be plans for the orderly procurement of the supplies needed by the armed forces and for the mobilization of industry so as to insure the production of those supplies in the time and quantities required. War procurement is a direct responsibility of the War Department, while industrial mobilization, which envisages governmental supervision and co-ordination of industry, labor, capital, transportation, raw materials, and other elements of our economic structure, is a responsibility of the President acting through such special civilian agencies as he and Congress may establish.

**P**REPARATIONS by the agencies charged with them contain measures that have been strongly advocated by The American Legion ever since its organization. These plans are continually being improved and adapted to the changing conditions of the present. Such precautions, of course, are remote from war making. We are merely putting ourselves in position to make our resources available in case of a defensive war, realizing as we now do that military resources are not military strength until they are readily available. History has proved that no nation can be rich, weak—and safe.

Few veterans, returned to civil life, appreciate the vast extent and the careful details of the provisions for war procurement. Naturally it is known what supplies are on hand. The important fact is that we no longer are relying on makeshifts and improvisations for meeting the tremendous demand which arises in a national emergency. We know where and how soon our actual and probable deficiencies can be supplied.

For the man in the ranks this means no, or far less, dummy rifle or gun drill. Supply sergeants will have the proper sizes in shoes and blouses or will have them a lot sooner than in 1917-18. Paper work will seem like a few flakes compared to the snowstorm we knew. If advance planning has wrought as well as hoped, the maddening delays, the desperate expedients, and the injustices of the World War will never again be necessary.



# SHARES *and* SENSE

## Downey

Lowell L. Balcom

A Selective Service Act will, in time of need, fill the ranks and man the battleships as it did before. Under the National Defense Act of 1920, the problem of arming, equipping, maintaining and transporting these men is rightfully left to the military services. The Army and the Navy proved themselves worthy when the problem was grappled with and finally met through their organizations in the World War and not, as in the case of the British, turned over to civilian agencies.

In planning for this procurement task, the United States has been divided into four zones—roughly, the Northeast section, the Southern, the Central and Northern, and the Western. War requirements have been proportioned and allocated according to productive capacity. The eight supply arms and services—Ordnance, Quartermaster, Engineers, Signal, Air, Medical, Chemical Warfare, and Coast Artillery—have offices in each zone which do or can produce their particular supplies.

Thus, for example, certain firms in a certain zone are assigned to the Ordnance Department for the making of 75mm. shells; the Signal Corps is allotted firms to furnish it telephone wire and its other wants. And so on. There is no theory and guesswork about it. The arms and services detail an officer to each district containing designated plants. Those officers must be familiar with each factory's capacity and machinery. Plans and specifications for the production of essential items of supply are drawn and are on file.

Manufacturers selected have patriotically co-operated with the Government. Numbers of them have borne the cost of the production plans. In some cases, the cost has run into thousands of dollars for plans demanding the re-adaptation of machinery and facilities to the making of a war product.

Factories turning out peaceful sewing machines are ready on call to shift to making recoil mechanisms for cannon. Trucks which backed up to platforms for loads of brass bird cages will make war deliveries of shell cases from the same source. The gun carriage will supplant the chassis in the assembling lines of automotive plants. Machines which normally manufacture multigraphs or toys will be altered to produce artillery shell parts. Because cannon and shells are not produced in any appreciable quantities during peace times, such shifts are necessary to meet wartime needs.

When it is understood that it is quite an engineering feat for an automobile plant to convert its facilities to the making of high-grade airplane motors, it will be seen that considerable scientific thought and mechanical ingenuity has gone into the planning of these adaptations. These plans are ready for prompt functioning.

THE advance arrangements with the manufacturers eliminate competitive bidding, with its consequent loss of time and increase of confusion. For it is recognized that under the pressure of the crisis of war, ordinary business practices must be suspended for the common good.

On the other hand, our military authorities stress the fact that war economic plans are designed to disturb commerce and normal life as little as possible. Proposed wartime contracts provide for a government audit of a manufacturer's books and insure the fixing of a price fair to both the firm and the Government. Fair prices mean the end of profiteering, so often an incentive to war. When huge profits are not made, top-heavy wages will no longer be paid to non-combatants. Thus would be effected to a large extent the Universal Draft initiated by the Legion and consistently urged upon Congress for more than ten years.

In general, only half the productive capacity of any of the designated plants is to be used to furnish military (Continued on page 61)







# HELL *and* HAMEL

*by*  
Robert  
Beith Anderson

King George V, accompanied by General Pershing, visits the Thirty-third Division to present medals to officers and men and to thank the Americans for their fine work in the Fourth of July battle

WE HAD been in France less than a month and of course were nothing but mere recruits as far as actual fighting experience was concerned. But we had tradition behind us, forty-four years of it; the esprit de corps of the old Dandy First Infantry of Chicago. And what is more important, we had fourteen months of intensive training under our belts, which were taut and trim. We strutted about like veterans, a bit contemptuous of the British with whom we were serving and biding our time impatiently. And most certainly we were unaware of the ignominy that was impending, an ignominy that ultimately became undying glory . . . like that of the Lost Battalion.

The shame that threatened us, however, threatened the entire A. E. F., as General Pershing so clearly explains in his "My Experiences in the World War:" "... The Allies brought up the question of utilizing our men to build up their armies . . . the subject arose from time to time in one form or another, and we had to fight against it until the end of the war."

Perhaps there are those who think that this allied plan would

have been a wise one; certainly there are those who wonder just what the outcome would have been had it been adopted. This, of course, will always remain mere conjecture, but to 1,000 of us, 500 each from the 131st and 132d Infantry Regiments, the experience of serving as replacements in a foreign army became something more than mere guesswork; it became an actual fact. Thus we of the proud tradition and haughty strut, scions of a regimental glory that reached back to 1874, through strikes, riots and Cuba to France, actually were split up, made casualties and sent in "to build up" a portion of the allied army for a battle. We became in effect members of the 42d and 43d Battalions, Australian Imperial Forces.

That battle occurred at Hamel on July 4th. And therein hangs my tale.

IT ALL began quietly enough save for that turbulent undercurrent of rumor always rife in army circles. That is, among the rear rank buck privates. And it is from the perspective of the rear rank that I am going to write, plus insight since acquired by historical revelations without which the whole affair seems unintelligible.

At least, unintelligible to us that drowsy Saturday late in June, 1918.

We were billeted at Pierregot in Picardy, and at 4 A. M. that



Saturday, Reveille sounded. Sleepy eyed we emerged from our pup-tents and started swapping rumors.

"Bet we're goin' up th' line!"

"Huh, just another damned hike!"

"They're gonna pick a model company an' take us up . . ."

You know the rumors . . . hole number two stuff. We had landed at Brest on Memorial Day and this was the 29th of June. All we had seen of the war were sausage balloons swaying on the horizon, planes overhead and speeding ambulances. We were excusably eager.

"Hell, we're just gonna give the major's horse some exercise!"

And that's all we did. But even as we started the wires were humming with messages potent with our destiny. The rumble of this conflict did not reach our ears then; even weeks later the "fight among the brass hats" seemed like a mess of tripe to us. It was not until the years rolled away the camouflaging smoke that we saw things clearly. On that Saturday morning we were content merely to curse the major's horse and the major himself.

That somnolent summer day we knew only that we were wandering like the Children of Israel through a wilderness of French villages and hills.

Then destiny struck sharply and the tempo of rumor, anguish, hope and glory quickened to a wild, hysterical pace.

At one o'clock our errant mess carts served us a hasty meal in a system of reserve trenches where they found us digging. At

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**Fighting side by side, despite express orders to the contrary by G. H. Q., Yanks of the Thirty-third Division and Aussies on July Fourth, 1918, smashed a German salient and captured the village of Hamel. The union of the forces was apparently due to a misunderstanding, but it was a natural, and it worked**

---

two the top-kick blew his whistle. Immediately the atmosphere bristled with rumors, save that this time by some mysterious telepathic process we knew that something important was up.

The first sergeant read off a list of names, mine among them.

"I told yuh so! Model company goin' up!"

"Huh!" sneered one whose name was not called, "just a latrine detail!"

But it was not a latrine detail and we knew it. A certain tragic grimness, not unmixed with eagerness, settled over us. In hurried silence we sped back to Pierregot and our billets.

In Pierregot, where other units of the regiment were gathered, there was a strange absence of rumors. The hour for rumor had passed; it was time for business.

We messed hurriedly on stew and British bread and jam and were issued a supply of reserve rations. That was a positive sign—we were going up for sure. Serious business, all right, but there were smiles on our lips and intrigue in our hearts.

As evening fell our detail, one platoon from K Company, marched over to join E Company. We dropped into vacancies in E Company ranks and filled the unit to full war strength of 250 men. It seemed that the prophecy concerning a model company was coming true.

We marched away through the long summer twilight of northern France and with us marched a possible destiny of the A. E. F. We marched strictly against orders, al-

**The King bestows the Distinguished Conduct Medal on Private Harry Shelly of Company A, 132d Infantry, for extraordinary heroism in the Hamel engagement. His own country gave Shelly the D. S. C., and he received from the French the Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre with Palm**

though we in the rear rank knew nothing about that. Major General Read, Second Corps commander, in command of all American troops in training in the British area, had complied with a request to use Americans to "build up" the Australians for a projected offensive. Pershing's orders, the War Department's orders, were that American troops were not to be thus utilized.

Perhaps there was a misunderstanding, perhaps no American officer understood how the British contemplated using us. We knew nothing about all that; we merely marched away through the summer night and with us marched three other companies of the 33d Division. A thousand Americans making history of moment. At dawn we halted in a small grove after twenty-four hours of almost continuous hiking.

The following day, although it was Sunday, we participated in a training maneuver with British tanks. At this time came the first hints of rather disconcerting news concerning our fate. We were to be split up, our identity as a company in the 131st Infantry was to be lost; we were to be merged with the Australians.

And we stood ready to believe. Had not we of K Company already been amalgamated with E Company?

This news struck savage blows at our pride. We were Americans, well versed in American traditions, proud of American courage and fighting ability. We were members of the old Dandy First; now we were to see these glories shriveled and fading. We would fight, not as Americans, not as members of a famous National Guard regiment, but as a few mongrel Yanks helping out a bunch of foreigners in some battle with another bunch of foreigners. On the whole, it was distressing.

The evening of June 30th found us marching again. We had been billeted in a woods near the vast Hennessy (of Three Star fame) estate and our hike was a short one to the village of Cardonette. It was a beautiful summer evening and we marched through beautiful scenery. The rolling Picardy (Continued on page 54)





# The RIGHT of

A Veteran of Philippine Days Reminisces Concerning Certain Exemplars of a Vanished Soldiery

*Illustrations by  
Wallace Morgan*

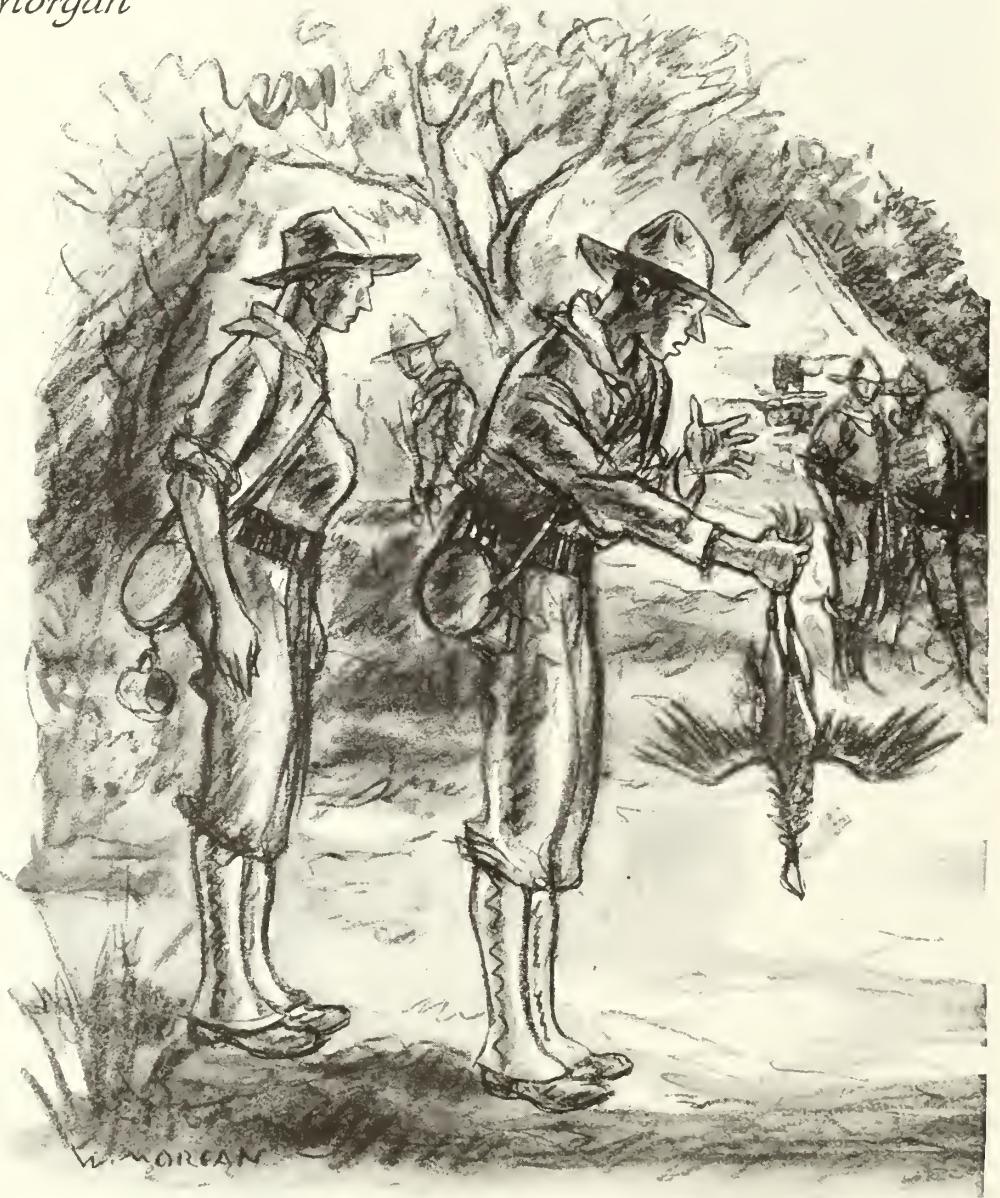
EVERY little while somebody unintentionally jars my rag bag of a mind into action by reciting some war-time anecdote, and right away old memories come crowding upon me. Strangely, too, they are all very delightful memories, since through the queer alchemy of time, the sad and unpleasant experiences of active service fade while those of a delightful or humorous nature take on an added luster.

An ex-Marine who read an article of mine entitled "Johnny, My Old Friend John" which appeared in the January, 1927, issue of *The American Legion Monthly* was good enough to write me a letter of appreciation. Incidentally he told me of one Private Shorty Smith who fought in his outfit at Belleau Wood. Shorty, it appears, was a jovial soul and the proprietor of a ready wit which even destructive artillery fire could not quench, for at Belleau Wood when a shell exploded near him and a large chunk of metal ricocheted off his tin helmet, Shorty grinned and said to the next file:

"Well, the old man don't get the Ford yet."

My correspondent neglected to inform me as to the ultimate fate of the irrepressible Shorty, but I think my readers will all agree with me that, living or dead, he should receive the Medal of Honor for gallantry in action above and beyond the call of duty, since if there is one occasion when the wag performs a noble public service it is when his humor rises superior to his terror. Right then and there he gives the finest possible definition of morale. Moreover, in the careless expression of his marvelous morale he causes a birth of morale in some and revivifies it in those who feel it slipping out through the soles of their feet.

In this article I purpose writing of some men who were good for my morale; of men who could and did laugh themselves out of predicaments into which their indifference to military discipline carried them; and I shall try to sing a saga of gallant scoundrels the memory of whom persists long after memories of the perfect soldier have been forgotten.



"As God is me judge," Reilly replied glibly, "he was flyin' at me wit' his mouth open goin' to peck me, and I killed him in self-definse"

As I roll up the curtain of the years I see the corporal of the guard and two privates of the guard escorting to the mill a very drunken and picturesque specimen of the Army of thirty and more years ago. His name was—well, I do not think he had any relatives and I'm sure he is dead now, but still it might be just as well not to mention his real name. (At that I do not think it was his real name, but merely his summer name.) But no matter. Private Oliver J. Munson was drunk and disorderly on the afternoon of the fourth day of February, 1899—this in the village of Malate,



# *the* LINE

*By Peter  
B. Kyne*



Luzon, P. I., and all to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

The sight of Oliver J. being escorted to the mill and protesting violently and blasphemously at the courtesy of the guard had long since ceased to arouse interest in a lethargic and greatly bored soldiery. Even the recruits knew that Oliver J. never soldiered more than twenty-seven days in any month, for he had sunk to the lowest levels of inebriety possible of attainment in the Philippine Islands. He was a beno fiend. That potent brand of liquid hell had claimed him, body, bones and belt-buckle; he would never reform and he didn't want to. Besides which, nobody cared.

At eight o'clock that night the fuss with Aguinaldo started and at eight o'clock next morning Oliver J., shaking but sober, induced the officer of the day to turn him loose to do a soldier's job. Indeed, it would have been hard to resist him, for he wept copiously, so the officer of the day ordered him to report to his company commander for duty at once, which was a dirty order, because Oliver J.'s company was in action that very moment. Incidentally, although my company was on guard in Malate and I could have avoided danger merely by minding my business, a boyish curiosity to see "the fun" induced me to volunteer to help drag a quilez loaded with ammunition out to the firing line.

By the time I reached my objective my curiosity had been thoroughly satisfied; the thrill and romance of war was just a pricked bubble to me and I longed with a great longing to go away from there with honor, and practise being very ill the next time my company commander called for volunteers to tote ammunition anywhere except into a warehouse. There was no artillery fire and I was behind the parados of a captured trench and safe for the moment, provided I kept my youthful head down; but the knowledge that presently I would be called upon to leave my shelter and take a chance in the withering rifle fire that was coming over made me extremely nervous. Indeed, I was trembling so that had I been stood up in a hogshhead of cream I would have churned it to butter in jig time.

And then old Oliver J. arrived, walking with dignity across an open patch toward our shelter. A little while before I had negotiated that open ground in nothing flat; nevertheless there were three bullet holes in my clothing and a small chip out of the butt of my Krag. So now I watched, fascinated, to see the finish of Oliver J. I cried out in terror when he paused and glanced casually up and down the skirmish line striving to identify his own company. Presently, apparently satisfied that he was home, he sank down with a sigh beside me and demanded a chew of tobacco; while he rolled his cud he glanced up and down the line and came to the conclusion that a number of excited boys required heartening. The firing had grown desultory, so Oliver J. climbed up on top that trench and made oration.

"Brethern," he began, "owing to the fact that this is a hell of a hot Sunday morning, your pastor will dispense with the customary sermon and proffer, instead, some salutary advice. Although badly in need of a drink and still somewhat shaken following my recent experience with the guard, it is, nevertheless, apparent to me that quite a number of you youthful sinners are going to lose the numbers of your mess today. Brethern, have you made your wills? I see by the blank expression on your faces that you have not. Very well, you still have time to make them. Do not hurry. I will not order the advance until the last will has been signed, sealed and delivered. And if you boys can't think of anybody to make your heir, just write in my name and rest as-



**Pop, being a true artist, would  
fiddle away in his best style**



sure that I will appreciate your worldly goods when you are gone."

About this time the enemy discovered Oliver J. and three hundred rifles opened on him. But calmly he paraded up and down, just to prove to a lot of jumpy boys what a tremendous lot of metal is required to kill a man; presently, raising his paw in solemn benediction, he stepped down to safety. But in that little horse-play he had done more for the morale of his company than all the training in the world. Yes, drunken old Oliver J. had remembered what we were in a fair way of forgetting, i. e., that ours was a regiment with traditions that must be lived up to.

For his gallantry Oliver J. was cited on the field of battle. The battalion commander, who was also the summary court officer and, consequently, not unknown to Oliver J., fetched him a smart cuff on the ear. "Keep your head down, you worthless vagabond!" he roared. "Old soldiers like you aren't expendable." Oliver J. grinned at his Nemesis affectionately. "I was going to give you ten days and ten dollars, Munson," the battalion commander roared again, speaking now in his judicial capacity, "but I'll admonish you instead. Please behave yourself."

No, Oliver J. received no other decoration. In those days the habit of decorating gallant soldiers was rarely indulged in, and when it was, the victim was usually dead or retired and lost in civil life before Congress got around to acting on the recommendation.

The meanest thing Oliver J. ever did, however, was to die on us in a fit of delirium tremens. Word came down to us from the field hospital that the regimental nuisance had kicked the bucket, and because I happened to be on old guard fatigue that day, I was told off by the provost sergeant to hike two miles to a cemetery, in company with three others, and dig for Oliver J. a grave six feet by six feet by three and to make it snappy, because a corpse doesn't keep very well in that climate. So we dug the grave and grieved about Oliver J. and on our way back, the

wretch walked out the hospital gate and invited us to pin one on at his expense. The report of his death, like Mark Twain's, had been greatly exaggerated. Always lucky, he had succeeded in having another Oliver J. Munson double for him! We cursed him bitterly, told him he was a great disappointment to us and left him to his fate.

We had a man in my company who, for three months, had been doing his best to get an S. C. D. discharge for a comparatively unimportant hernia. He was in hospital when the Aguinaldo fracas started and immediately clamored to be sent back to duty. But the brutal doctors would not let him go. Two nights later he stole a step-ladder, scaled the wall around the hospital and got back to barracks, where he equipped himself by the comparatively simple method of burglarizing the quartermaster sergeant's storeroom. The following morning he reported for duty five miles out in the bosky.

The company commander grinned at him. "How's your hernia?" he demanded slyly.

"Cured—for the duration of the war, sir," the rascal replied.

"But you have deserted from the hospital, man. I have no authority to accept you for duty."

"I have no time to discuss that point with the company commander," came the pert answer. "The first sergeant has detailed me for outpost."

I do not know how the issue was settled but I do recall that this man was never on sick

report again and that he stayed with the company and that his merry jibes were always on tap no matter how hard the going.

In a hot skirmish in Santa Cruz province our company once found itself lying along a river bank firing into a fair sized town. In the foreground stood a church and a convent, and hanging to a gallows frame on the roof of the convent were eight large chimes.

"Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do," said a private to his bunkie. "Bet you a dobe dollar I can play 'Adeste Fideles' on those chimes, using steel jacketed bullets for a bell clapper."

He did!

We had in ours a man named Joe Reilly who was possessed of all the nimble wit and audacity possible of possession by any Irishman. One day he came rolling into barracks with a heavy list to starboard and bumped into the officer of the day before he could clear the gate. Since Joe was not disorderly, the officer of the day was about to ignore him when his attention was attracted to a paper-covered cylindrical package nestling under Reilly's arm. The string had slipped and through the front of the paper cover the nose of a quart of Cyrus Noble whiskey protruded.

"Private Reilly," challenged the officer of the day, "I have a suspicion you are attempting to bring liquor onto a military reservation. What have you got under your arm?"

The situation was truly desperate, but Reilly was equal to the occasion. With difficulty drawing himself to attention, he saluted and said:

"Sir, 'tis a map av me father's esthates in Ireland."

Befuddled as he was, Reilly knew that officer for the merriest shavetail in the regiment—a lad with a gorgeous sense of humor. He chortled at Reilly and let him by with his whiskey.

On another occasion Reilly and I had gone out into the woods beyond the outposts to steal chickens, in violation of orders against looting. But what do such orders mean to a very hungry regiment? I was fortunate enough to capture a pigeon, which I hid in the breast of my shirt, while Reilly lifted a huge and very



ancient gamecock. He was carrying his prize by the legs when, en route home, we unexpectedly bumped into an officer, who fixed us with a cold and forbidding eye.

"My man," he demanded, "where did you get that rooster?"

"As God is me judge," Reilly replied glibly, "he was flyin' at me wit' his mouth open goin' to peck me, an' I kilt him in self-defense."

"You're an amusing liar."

"So I am, so I am, sir. Would the captain care for a bit av the dark meat or the white?"

"A hind leg and a cup of the soup to soak my hardtack in, if you'll not be robbing yourself and your comrade."

As the officer walked away, Reilly looked after him. "'Tis well for us, Petie, me lad," he declared, "that I invited him to a bit av the prize, else he'd have confiscated the whole carcass, bad cess to him."

About the time the rainy season was due, it occurred to Johnny, my old friend John, that he and I should make some provision for it in the shape of a water-proof habitation of sorts. We were holding down a line of trenches at the time and there was little chance that open warfare would be resumed on our line

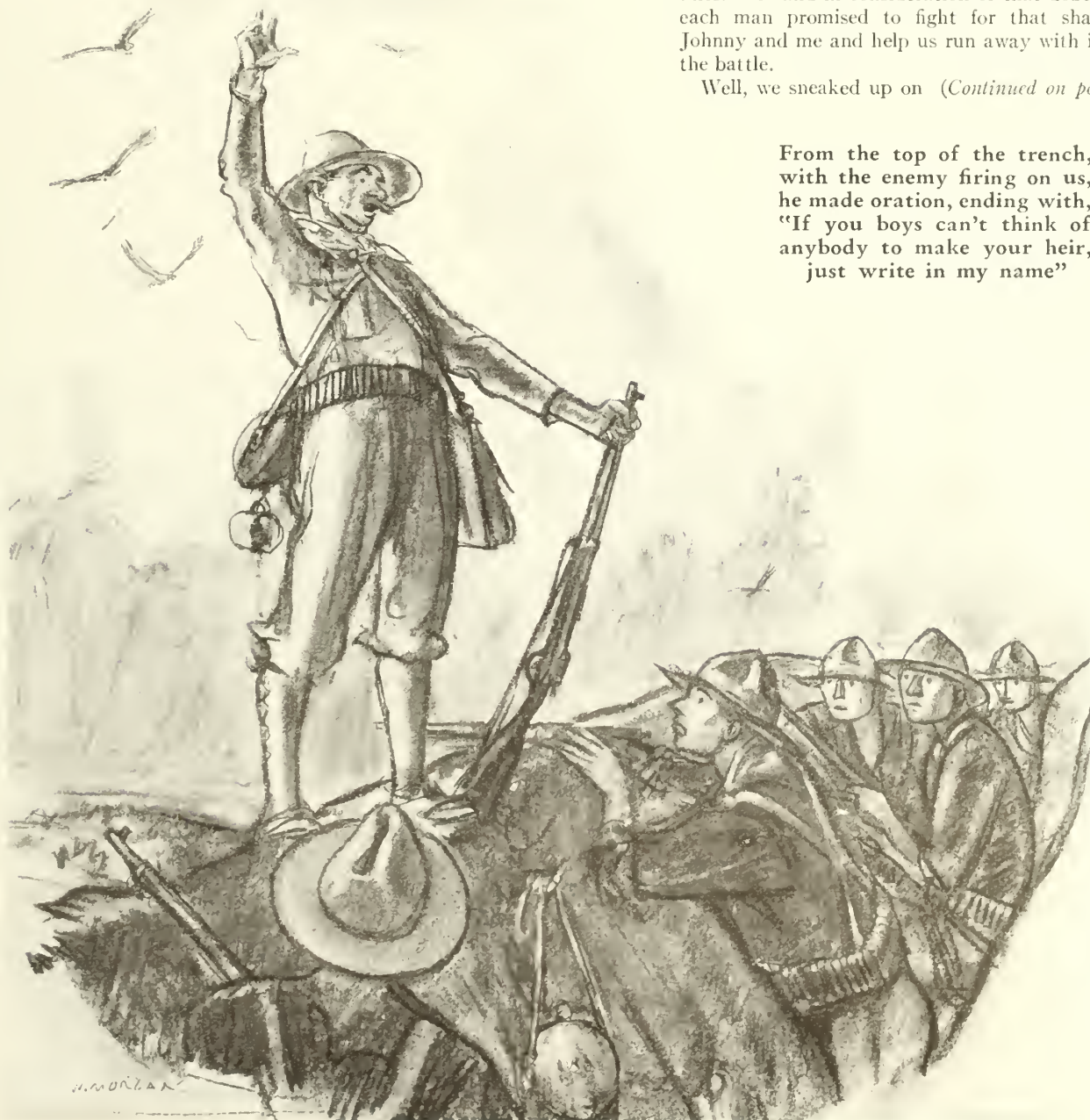
until after the rainy season. We had pup tents, but a pup tent in a tropical downpour is about as useful as a newspaper, and life-size tents were not available. The solution of our problem, therefore, lay in securing a native nipa shack and removing it to a position just in rear of our trenches. Of course this deprived us of shelter during night firing, but as the enemy never hit anybody we dismissed that point as negligible.

Simultaneously, our friends, the enemy, started erecting shacks against the rainy season also. One morning, while I was on reconnaissance, we bumped into a native outpost which had just completed a very lovely little shack about eight feet wide and ten feet long. We drove them away and Johnny and I inspected the shack and decided it was just what the doctor ordered. But alas! It was a mile from our lines and our combined strength was unequal to the task of picking it up and running away with it. With sadness, therefore, we watched our bright day-dream fade, but it revived the following day when I received a ten-dollar money order from my brother in San Francisco. Inasmuch as we hadn't been paid for three months, this ten dollars promptly put me in the capitalistic class.

Ten dollars gold was worth twenty dollars Mex, so I hired six comrades, at a dobe dollar each, to accompany Johnny and me on a raid on that Filipino outpost, for of course we figured they had reoccupied it as soon as our reconnaissance party returned to its own lines. For and in consideration of that dobe dollar each man promised to fight for that shack for Johnny and me and help us run away with it after the battle.

Well, we sneaked up on (Continued on page 40)

From the top of the trench,  
with the enemy firing on us,  
he made oration, ending with,  
"If you boys can't think of  
anybody to make your heir,  
just write in my name"





# HOME'S BEST

*By Orland Kay Armstrong*

*Chairman, Missouri Department Child Welfare Committee  
Member, National Child Welfare Committee, The American Legion*

**T**HESE statistical sharks who figure everything out are telling us how rapidly children of World War veterans are appearing on the scene. As though most of us didn't know that already!

Children. Another generation coming on. Just how many sons and daughters of veterans there are or have been at any given moment we wouldn't presume to guess, so we'll cheerfully accept whatever the experts say about it. Anyhow we know that World War veterans are now along in that age where Grandpap was when the village paper referred to him as a "substantial family man," and that if you multiply that fact by the usual run of events the net result will be—a lot of children. Yes, the curve of young life is surging up.

Wherever humanity is, and particularly young humanity, there are human needs that have to be looked after. If all children of veterans of the World War could be born into homes of plenty and reared in the comforts and advantages of life, there would be no child welfare problem. But there are the disabled veterans, who have never had a full chance to provide for their children. There are the increasing number of youngsters to whom Daddy is only a memory. From many homes both parents are gone, and orphans have to look elsewhere for support and nurture. Misfortune strikes, hunger threatens, poverty intrudes through the back door.

It's so in any age. In a time of economic strain like the last few years, the problems of the care of children are multiplied many fold.

Quietly, with no fanfare or bugle blowing but with amazing determination and efficiency, the Child Welfare Division of The American Legion has been carrying on. In the same breath the splendid co-operation of the Legion Auxiliary should be mentioned, for we of the Legion may as well admit it. We're proud to have the Auxiliary walk right along with us in this. Without the help of our wives there wouldn't be any children, and without the help of the Auxiliary our child welfare program would be poor indeed!

It all started back in 1922—and another organization may as well stand up and be decorated with proper credit right here—the Forty and Eight. This well known group of serious thinkers made the welfare of children of veterans a major project in that year, and under this priming the Legion—at the national convention in San Francisco in 1923—appointed a committee to study the whole problem.

This committee reported at the 1924 convention at St. Paul, recommending the raising of an endowment fund for child welfare work. At the same convention the Rehabilitation Committee recommended the raising of an endowment fund for its activities. National Commander Drain took a poll of the National Executive Committee on the question, and found the sentiment overwhelming for raising a combined rehabilitation and child welfare fund. A special fund committee was appointed, and through all of 1925 the drive went on, under the capable direction of the National Commander.

The goal was \$5,000,000. Quotas were set for each Department—and reached. The five million rolled in—a magnificent tribute on the

part of the citizens of the United States to the spirit of the Legion in planning to care for the disabled and for the needy children of veterans so long as either veterans or children remained!

In May, 1925, the Child Welfare Division was set up, to be the executive force under the National Child Welfare Committee to administer relief to children. And there it is today—in the headquarters at Indianapolis, working away at a program that has grown in widening circles, that enlists the support of more Legionnaires and Auxiliaries than any other activity, that commands the greatest army of volunteers under the shining sun.

In the forefront of those great, unselfish items in the program of The American Legion—those services that have helped to overcome the misguided conception of so many people that the Legion was a selfish and self-seeking organization—stands the child welfare work. The Auxiliary, the Forty and Eight men and the Eight and Forty women have joined forces with the Legion to let their child welfare money be spent through the administrative set-up of the Child Welfare Division. The program stands as a principal cause for the recent growth of goodwill toward the Legion. Why not? The figures speak for themselves. Thousands of children have been given aid under American Legion auspices since the endowment fund was raised. Children have been given medical attention, sent to hospitals, placed in foster homes; governmental aid has been secured.

But wait. Let's get a few of those figures straight. Let's go to headquarters, and bring the figures down to this fair-to-middlin'



**Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., National President of the Auxiliary, sees for herself how the youngsters at the Legion's Preventorium at Otter Lake, Michigan, are building back to sturdy health**





## AT HOME

FREDERICK BRADLEY, NEW YORK

year of 1934. That'll give us a chance to meet the staff, and hear some of the human interest stories back of all this aid—which is more important than figures, anyhow.

We come to parade rest at National Headquarters in Indianapolis. In that Grecian bit of architecture are three rooms on the third floor chuck full of charming personality and child welfare. Meet Miss Emma Puschner, Director of the Division, trained to her finger tips as a child welfare specialist. Not only trained, but experienced. Before coming to the Legion in 1925, Miss Puschner was employed as director of the Board of Children's Guardians in her home town, St. Louis. In that capacity

she directed all the public child welfare in the city pertaining to aid to widowed mothers, placement of neglected children, and care of all forms of dependent and delinquent children. She is a graduate in law, and a member of the American Association of Social Workers, which latter honor is in recognition of her training and experience in social work.

The American Legion selected Emma Puschner as the one young woman best fitted to set up and carry on the child welfare program. In her capable hands it has become recognized the country over as the best organized and administered social welfare project in America.

*(Continued on page 57)*



# SUNNY FRANCE

July Days Were Hot in More Than One Way in 1918

By Wallgren





# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



**W.** R. BECKER, Chairman of the Miami 1934 American Legion Convention Corporation's Executive Committee, tells this yarn about a certain Mr. MacIntosh, who was very proud of having descended from a chief of a famous clan. He was having an argument with a taxi driver about the fare. The taxi driver's harshness angered the Highlander. Drawing himself to his full height, he demanded:

"Do you know who I am?" Then impressively added: "I'm a MacIntosh."

"I don't care if you're an umbrella," replied the taxi driver. "You're going to pay the amount on that meter."

**W**HEN Gov. Paul V. McNutt, of Indiana, was National Commander of The American Legion, he used to tell about an itinerant pack salesman who made the rounds from farmhouse to farmhouse in southern Indiana, back in the days before the automobile. One night this salesman was stopping overnight at the home of one of his customers. Stretched out in front of the fireplace were an old cat and three kittens. There were four holes in the bottom of the front door—one large and three small. After looking at the holes for a while, the salesman finally asked his host, "What are the holes in the door for?"

"Fer them cats to use when they come in and go out," replied the farmer.

"Well, couldn't they all use the one big hole?" countered the salesman.

"Yep, sometimes, maybe, but when I say *scat* I mean *scat*!"

**I**T WAS little George's first time at the opera. The conductor took his place in the orchestra pit and began to wave his baton, and the famous soprano started to sing.

"What's the man shaking the stick at the woman for?" the boy asked his mother.

"Keep quiet," whispered his mother. "He isn't shaking the stick at the woman."

Little George was not convinced. "Well, then, what's she hollering for?"



**L**EGIONNAIRE Mel Sternberg, of New Orleans, recalls this favorite of the war period.

One of the soldiers on the transport was seasick. The doctor went to see him and asked, "What's the matter?"

"O-o-o-oh!" was the only response.

"Come, get up!" derided the doctor. "The ship's been torpedoed and will sink in ten minutes."

"Ten minutes!" moaned the sick soldier. "Can't you make it any sooner than that?"

**T**HIS one may help to cool things off for you.

A thinly-clothed Negro stood with his hands thrust into his pockets, his neck as deep down inside his coat as he could get it, and his knees tight together while a shrill northwest gale off the Great Lakes whipped around his ankles. It was at a drugstore corner in Duluth or Detroit or Buffalo, and he could almost hear the thermometer click as it dropped, degree after degree.

"Brrrrrr!" said the sufferer. Then, mournfully, to the atmosphere: "Wind, whah was yo' dis time las' July?"



**A** MEMBER of the home missionary society approached the meanest man in town. "We are having a raffle for a poor old widow," she declared. "Will you

buy a ticket for it?"

"Nope. I couldn't keep her if I won her."

**A**ND then there's the story of the sturdy Scot who was passing a lake when he heard a piteous yell, "Help! Help! I'm droonin'!"

The Scot got as near as he could without getting his shoes wet and called, "What's your name, mon?"

The floundering unfortunate succeeded in crying, "It's MacGregor."

"An' whaur do ye work?"

"Ferguson's Iron works. Help! Help! I'm sinking!"

The man on shore turned away, and down to Ferguson's he hurried.

"Ye had a man working here by the name of MacGregor," he told the foreman. "He's drooned, and I want his job."

The foreman turned away. "Ye're too late. We just hired the man that pushed him in."

**T**HE Irish elevator operator in a Chicago skyscraper had just met a new arrival from his home county in the Old Sod.

"And what's the news?" he asked pleasantly.

"Well, when I left they were all talkin' about a great lepper that jumped across the River Shannon at its widest p'int."

"Dear man!" cried the elevator man, "you can't believe any wild tale like that! It's impossible!"

"But it was your Uncle Mike that did it."

"Oh, *he* might!"



**A** BASHFUL young minister found the young ladies of his parish a mite too helpful. At last it became so embarrassing that he resigned and moved

away to another parish.

Some time afterwards, he met the minister who succeeded him and asked: "How do you get along with the young ladies?"

"Splendid," he replied. "You know there is safety in numbers."

"I found it only in Exodus."

**T**HE fat man was trying to find some tropical clothes in the far south resort. He tried most every store in town and patient clerks had politely made a pretense of looking over their stocks and advising him they were just out of his size. Finally he ran across a clerk more truthful than diplomatic who—after looking him over—said:

"Frankly, mister, we carry nothing in stock that would fit you, except collar buttons and handkerchiefs."



**T**HE lovesick swain had just told the father of the only girl in the world that he could not live without his daughter.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the father. "I'll gladly pay the funeral expenses."

**L**IEUTENANT General Milton J. Foreman, a Past National Commander of the Legion, is a practical jokester of the first water, and has that agreeable characteristic of being able to enjoy a joke that is on him. He tells of trying to make himself understood over the telephone. The young lady at the switchboard didn't get his name and asked:

"Who did you say it is?"

"General Foreman," replied the distinguished soldier.

"I didn't quite get it. Will you repeat, please?"

"General Foreman! General Foreman!"

"Yes, I know," said the sweet young thing. "General foreman, but general foreman of what?"



# LOOKING AHEAD *to* MIAMI

*by Frank E. Samuel*

*National Adjutant,  
The American Legion*

**T**HUNDERHEADS drifted faintly along the horizon but overhead the warm sun of the first day of May shone in a blue sky. A steady breeze gushed in from the south, whipping the flag on top of Indianapolis's Municipal Airport and bellying through the canvas-funneled wind indicator. Westward, beyond the airport's concrete runways, the green prairie stretched to the hazy skyline.

"There she comes," said Pep Plummer, Assistant National Adjutant in charge of membership, shading his eyes and gazing into the distance.

In the farthest west, low where the gray sky merged with the green fields, a speck appeared, grew larger, rose higher each passing moment. Then the humming of distant motors.

Quickly the distant speck took form. A swallow for a while, then a hawk, then the mighty pinions of an eagle, and finally—now overhead—the gleaming cabin and wings of a giant monoplane. The distant humming, buzzing, droning, had become the drum-drum-drum of mighty propellers.

Past the airport she swept, circled, headed into the wind, coasted gently down to the level grass—as graceful as a seagull landing upon a quiet bay. A flurry of her motors and she turned in her tracks, rolled up the concrete and stopped at the passenger gates.

Down the gangplank came Homer Chaillaux, Commander of the California Department. In his arms, bundles of 1934 membership cards from the States of Arizona, Missouri, New Mexico and Kansas. He had picked them up at stopping points in an air journey across half the continent. He was the first arrival in the Legion's second national aerial membership round-up, which preceded the May meeting of the National Executive Committee.

That ship was a revelation of the new air age. On her sides was a legend which proclaimed a proud record. Every inch of her, highly-polished aluminum; eighty-seven feet, from wing-tip to wing-tip; she was the Douglas monoplane—so the legend revealed—which in February set a record for TWA of thirteen hours, four minutes from Los Angeles to New York. On that occasion she had been piloted over most of the way by E. V. Rick-enbacker, chairman of The American Legion's National Aeronautics Commission in 1933. A mighty craft she stood, there on the runway, while Mr. Plummer and Legion officials from many States welcomed Department Commander Chaillaux.

Swiftly the Legion airplanes came in from that moment, from all points of the compass, until the stack of membership cards brought by plane grew to 54,269. They raised the Legion's total membership on May 1st to 736,269, over 100,000 more than it stood on May 1st last year and within 30,000 of the total membership at the end of 1933.

Out of the sky, close behind Commander Chaillaux, dropped a plane of the Richfield Oil Company of California, and from it stepped James K. Fisk, Department Adjutant, Dudley M. Steele, Chairman of the California Department's Aeronautics Committee, and Ed W. Bolt, general manager of the *California*



**Greeted by Mrs. Hayes upon his arrival, National Commander Hayes helped welcome fliers from Illinois, his own State, who flew to Indianapolis with 7,156 cards. With 61,436 members, Illinois led the Legion in May**

*Legionnaire.* With 4,000 cards they had flown from California swiftly, with only a few stops, had started even with the TWA plane from St. Louis, had stayed with her until the giant ship rose to 13,000 feet to gain wind advantage.

Then big planes from Michigan and Illinois. And while they were being welcomed ceremoniously, down dropped the ship of Dr. W. W. Arrasmith of Grand Island, Nebraska, with 968 cards from his State. With Dr. Arrasmith, a physician who uses his own plane regularly in his visits to patients on ranches, was F. B. Winter, Commander of the Grand Island Post. It was 2 p. m. when they arrived. They had started from home at 5 that morning, had fought head winds much of the way.



**Wisconsin's Aviation Chairman Carlisle Godske and Adjutant G. H. Stordock give their State's good news to Wisconsinite H. L. (Pep) Plummer, Assistant National Adjutant, boss of the aerial roundup**

Next came National Commander Edward A. Hayes, brought from Cincinnati in the plane of the Presto-Lite Storage Battery Corporation of Indianapolis. Commander Hayes carried cards he had picked up in air journeys of a few days earlier through Washington, D. C., Connecticut and Rhode Island. The Commander, travel-worn, greeted Mrs. Hayes, and waited for the TWA plane from New York. He welcomed John Dwight Sullivan, New York attorney and chairman of the Legion's National Aeronautics Commission, and Sam Spingarn, Department Commander of New Jersey, who brought 15,555 cards—6,813 from New York, the others from New Jersey, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware, South Carolina and Virginia.

That evening two hundred leaders of The American Legion and guests representing the nation's aviation industry celebrated at a banquet the overwhelming success of the second aerial roundup, hailed the arrival of a new era in American aviation and contemplated the promise of a glorious future in the air.

This banquet was an auspicious prelude to the meeting of the National Executive Committee which began on May 3d, a meeting which revealed that in every way The American Legion has attained new strength, new resources, new prestige during the difficult months which have elapsed since the national convention in Chicago last October. Contemplating the tremendously encouraging reports of National Officers and chairmen of national committees, the National Executive Committee charted the course which the Legion will follow until the national convention in Miami next October and made a number of important decisions.

I only wish that I could compress sufficiently the wonderful reports on our national legislative program which were made by



Raymond J. Kelly of Michigan, chairman of the National Legislative Committee, John Thomas Taylor of Washington, D. C., the committee's vice-chairman, and Watson B. Miller, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee. I only wish that every Legionnaire could have sat in the assembly room on the fourth floor of National Headquarters building while these three men were giving the dramatic inside details on the great fight and the victory which accompanied our efforts to complete three points of the Four Point Program this spring. Mr. Kelly's speech is given in eighteen pages of the official transcript, Mr. Taylor's in sixty-two and Mr. Miller's in twenty-three, so I can only convey to you something of the spirit of the things they said. One and all, they paid tribute to National Commander Hayes for his personal leadership in the four-month battle we fought not only to obtain the enactment by Congress of our program for the disabled, but also to counteract the powerful forces which were seeking to outlaw the Legion in the court of public opinion. Chairman Kelly summarized what took place:

"Because of false propaganda in the press and magazines, over the radio and on the lecture platform," he said, "the American public had apparently lost interest in the veterans. Many actually believed that the men who offered their lives for their country were now striving to empty the nation's treasury for their own benefit. They neither knew nor understood the truth. They were swayed by catchwords, falsehoods and deception and bad arithmetic. Those of us who knew the true facts, who knew the suffering, misery and disaster which was bound to result from the Economy Act, could not have been blamed if we felt a surge of resentment toward the Government which would so far forget itself and its duty to its defenders as to pass such a law, without study or debate, in a new Congress which had no understanding of the issues involved.

"Thank God, The American Legion kept its head, and with grim determination set out to rectify this grave injustice. Other organizations may have been vicious and bitter in their attacks. The American Legion realized that the American people are a fair-minded and patriotic (Continued on page 51)



**Dr. W. W. Arrasmith, Nebraska's air chairman, flew to Indianapolis in the plane which he uses to visit patients. With him, Post Commander Fred W. Winter of Grand Island**



# The DRUMS of

by

Harold R. Wheeler

Illustration by  
Cyrus L. Baldridge

JOE VARLEY and Ed Dunn got the idea first. They'd been down to the department convention in New Bedford. They'd seen Haverhill win a drum corps competition from four other posts. According to Joe and Ed, a drum fits into a parade like pork in a pot of beans. The post that could march behind a drum corps marched well. How about a drum corps for our gang?

At the time, Herbert F. Akroyd Post had about a hundred members, but Marlboro has only about 15,000 inhabitants, so nobody worried much—not about the size of the post, anyway. But in all Akroyd Post there wasn't a member who had beaten a drum since he had stopped believing in Santa Claus. Any start would be from scratch. But the start was made.

That was the winter of 1928-29. Not only was the post without drums, it was without drummers. Not only was it without drums, but it was without the price of drums. The money—and it turned out to be big money for an impoverished Legion post that likes to play Santa Claus at Christmas and has other charities to support—had to be found. It was up to Henry T. Eager, the Post Treasurer, to find it. He found it—out of his own pockets. He underwrote the first order and ten drums were bought.

Also, ten uniforms were bought, by the prospective drummers out of *their* own pockets. They were not expensive uniforms, however—Legion caps, white shirts, black bow ties, white duck pants. Most of the items were in the drummers' wardrobes. The average cost of material to complete a uniform was \$1.50. A teacher was needed, so they picked on me because I happened to be the only professional musician in the post—I play and teach the piano for a living, and operate an orchestra. With the aid of Fred Stone, who had picked up the knack of drumming somehow, we started to develop a corps. By the time spring had come, Marlboro entertained a V. F. W. convention. We marched in the parade, uniforms and all, and beat our drums for all we were worth. Local pride or something made out that we had stolen the show. Everybody praised us. The other veterans praised us, the Marlboro *Enterprise* praised us.

The drummers had tasted blood. Maybe it was the uniforms that made us look so good, we reasoned. So, by logical processes of thought, we came to the conclusion that if dollar-and-a-half uniforms could do so much, better uniforms could do more. Everybody dug down into his ducks and bought red breeches, black puttees, an aluminum helmet, a blue Legion coat with red epaulettes, a white Sam Browne belt.

The new togs made us look so good that other members of the post volunteered to learn drumming. Seven more drums were needed. The treasury, setting out to buy them, began to lurch. Then somebody thought of a complement of buglers. As a sort of dilettante trombonist, I was elected to teach half a dozen buglers how to bugle. First, we got the bugles, and the treasury lurched some more, but the genius of Henry Eager pulled us

through. By the time the Massachusetts Department convention at Westfield came along, we had a drum and bugle corps.

The remarkable part of all this is that the buglers had learned to bugle. Being veterans, they also assumed that they could march. This was a mistake.





# MARLBORO

They started from scratch, these Bay State Legionnaires — no funds, little equipment, but plenty of enthusiasm and capacity for hard work. Result, they're this year's championship drum corps

The parade at Westfield was to be reviewed by Calvin Coolidge, no less. Westfield isn't a big city, but the fellows who arranged the line of march would slight nobody. As a result there was an exhausting march. As finally we came up to the reviewing stand, Ed Dunn, who was then drum major, gave a flourish that was the signal for a changed marching formation. On aching feet, the corps performed a valiant evolution. Ed gave another flourish, a signal for the bugles to bugle. We put our lips to the mouthpieces and blew.

It was spectacular, but silent. No noise came out of my bugle. No noise came out of anybody's bugle. We buglers were utterly winded. The drums went on beating, but the bugles kept their mouths shut, despite our hardest efforts.

Mr. Coolidge, however, was a charitable man, an understanding man. Despite what a person of less tolerance might have deemed an attempt to give him an elaborate razzberry, he congratulated the corps on its appearance and its marching. Everybody in Westfield said we had put on a good show, even if we had been strangely silent.

"That," said Doc Kelleher, the bugle sergeant, his face still very red, "is what we've got. We've got showmanship. Give 'em a good show and they love it. Now if we can give 'em a little music, too. . . ."

So Dr. Kelleher's dental office presently began to swarm with buglers. The night air of Marlboro began to be crowded with drum beats and simple marching tunes. I doubt if Doc Kelleher ever desired the advertising or profited by it, but the post profited by it. The post began signing 'em up. So did the corps. By spring we had thirty new members, a round dozen of them buglers. And we began drilling regularly in the state armory; we were going to learn how to parade and then play. Right now you can't dent a Marlboro bugler with an ax. It's great exercise—drumming and bugling.



No noise came out of the bugles. But Mr. Coolidge was a charitable man. He congratulated the corps on its appearance and its marching

In the spring of 1930 we were one year old and healthy. We marched in nearly a dozen parades that year and won many prizes, ranging in value from \$10 to \$275. That \$275 prize was another taste of blood. It gave the members confidence. True, we only placed twenty-seventh when we entered the national championships at the national convention of The American Legion in Boston, but we were young yet.

With money in the till and ambition in our hearts, we went into the winter determined to improve. In Boston there was a famous drummer and maker of drums, Lawrence Stone. We sent for him to be our drum instructor. All winter long (Continued on page 38)



# *And They Called It* LAKE LEGION



Nature made these mountains but the Legion made this lake at the South Dakota Department's camp in the Black Hills

**T**HIS is a story about an unusual American Legion accomplishment in the Black Hills of South Dakota. It deals with the construction of a Boulder Dam or Muscle Shoals upon a lesser scale and the creation of a crystal-clear lake in the shadow of South Dakota's highest mountain peak. Millard G. Scott sends along the story, but before he gets down to solid facts about dam-building and dollars he makes a few observations on human nature.

"The old vacation argument begins every spring," writes Mr. Scott. "It grows and grows until, some time in the summer, the Old Man has the family bus put in shape, the fishing rod, camp outfit, Mamma and the kids all packed in, and the motor started.

"There's Joe, the lazy cuss, he always liked to go off to some deep, cool lake where he could just lie around in the shade, fish a little, sleep a lot. Andy is one of those fishin' guys too, but he liked to make work of his vacation. You know, that guy prefers to get up at 4 A. M. and hike miles along some bubbling trout stream, through thickets and over rocks. Ed's idea of a choice vacation was to pack off to the mountains where he could wear himself out with hikin' and climbin'. Bill is even lazier than Joe, for Bill always hits for the mountains and gets just high enough so that he can do everything Joe does without having to use any energy fighting mosquitoes.

"All of these pals of mine are married and have a few kids. The kids agree that it isn't a real vacation unless they can swim, boat, ride horses, eat by a camp fire and, at the same time, be able to find ice cream cones and suchlike. The older boys and girls want a camp not too far away from picture shows and dances. And since many of the mamas have come home from so-called vacations all worn out by cooking and taking care of the family under great handicaps, they insist that the vacation spot shall be more than a wigwam beside some water. Mamma discounts all the advance talk about everybody agreeing not to

expect solid vittles during the so-called annual rest period."

You may have guessed by this time that Mr. Scott has something to do with the business of fixing up the right sort of vacations for the families of Joe, Andy, Ed and Bill. And you are right. Mr. Scott is manager of Mt. Coolidge American Legion Camp on the shores of Lake Legion in the aforesaid Black Hills, seven miles east of Custer.

What Mr. Scott says would convince anyone that the South Dakota Department camp combines in just the right mixture the beauties of nature and the advantages of what we think of as civilization. You have a 6,000-foot mountain peak and rocky and wooded surrounding ranges as the back drop of your state setting. In the front and center of this scene you have a many-acred lake, its waters thirty feet deep.

Seeing the marvelously bright waters of Lake Legion today, mirroring the blue sky and the jagged silhouettes of the pine-clad hills, you think of that lake as a diamond dropped by nature when it wrought the mountains. You think it must have reflected in other ages the pageantry of the coming of the Indian and his passing, the processional of the white pioneers and settlers through the wilderness. It is only when you discover a broad wall of earth—it is only then that you realize that this lake was made







by men. A lot of men too, you deduce. If Mr. Scott happens to be about, you'll learn that the dam was built in 1932 and the lake gradually backed up to its present width and depth during 1933. It took a powerful lot of dynamite and a lot of hauling to build that dam. The Legion's camp committee was lucky enough to get R. F. C. funds allocated for its construction. Scores of unemployed service men were put to work.

Now for something more about advantages. Pass over the tall pines, the majestic rocks, the babbling brooks, the wonderful scenery in general. Take for granted the fighting trout, the boating, the swimming, the mountain climbing, the hiking, the saddle horses, the shaded cabins, the western hospitality. Consider, though, that you have gasoline

and oil at your call, daily mail service, telephone and telegraph service, electric lights, running water, hot showers, laundry service.

Mt. Coolidge American Legion Camp is one mile high—well above the mosquito line. It stands in a corner of South Dakota which is jammed with scenic wonders and historic spots. The camp had its start back in 1926 when Carle B. Lenker was Department Commander. Commander Lenker acted quickly when the State offered to the Legion a chance to lease an attractive sector in Custer State Park.

The first plan called for cabins to be built by posts and individuals, and to be leased to the public when not occu-

children. Last year only twenty-seven percent of the guests were Legionnaires, but this summer the percentage will be much higher as news of the camp's transformation gets about.

## Post Symphony Orchestra

WHAT one American Legion post does in one year, many American Legion posts will do in later years. The Legion post which originates a way of helping its own community is therefore helping other communities far and wide. It is with this thought in mind that W. A. Hudgens Post of Anderson, South Carolina, reports that nothing which it has done in recent years



Dynamite on a dam site. A few months after this explosion, thirty feet of water stood over the trail in the foreground. Compare with the picture on the opposite page. Above, Camp Coolidge's recreation hall, center for a score of Legion cabins

ried by the owners. Then bonds were issued, additional cabins were built and water and lighting systems were installed. Things hadn't gone so well up to the 1931 department convention, and Past Commander Lenker had to fight to keep the camp from being chucked into the discard.

The allocation of R. F. C. funds, the construction of the dam and the impounding of the lake, the construction of ten additional cabins—these all helped make the camp what it is today. Twenty cabins now adorn a horse-shoe ridge back of the camp's main lodge. They are shaded by pines from 100 to 150 feet high. The cabins are spaced at sufficient distances so that, as Mr. Scott says, "a man can beat his wife without disturbing the neighbors." This arrangement also helps if there is a fussy baby in camp. Cabins have from one to five rooms. The Auxiliary is on the job fixing up cabins and providing play facilities for

receipts of the concerts are placed in the post's relief fund.

"How many other posts have sponsored a symphony orchestra as a community service?" inquires Post Commander E. E. Epting.

## Loud Speaker Telephone

ONE more wonder was added to the growing gallery of wonders of electricity when Lafrenz Post of Tekamah, Nebraska, was entertained at one of its regular meetings by a former Post Commander who was seated at a desk in the State House at Boise, Idaho. Through a new device, installed experimentally by the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company of Omaha, Past Commander Dugan Lewis was able to speak in Boise, as he would have spoken if present in Tekamah, and his words, amplified by the telephone attachment, came from the receiver in the post





**Historic Gadsby's Tavern, acquired a half dozen years ago by Alexandria (Virginia) Post, now contains Colonial furniture and decorations valued at \$150,000. At back, the bar of George Washington's time**

meeting place at Tekamah as loudly and as distinctly as though from the loud speaker of a radio. Lester F. Albert, Adjutant of the Idaho Department, and other speakers followed Mr. Lewis. This first use of the new device to enable an American Legion audience to hear distant speakers without the use of an expensive radio hook-up was hailed as the pioneer effort which will lead to a new general practice.

### *For the Schools*

**W**HEN the national campaign of misrepresenting the aims and program of The American Legion echoed through the country a year ago, Baxter L. Schaub Post of La Grange, Georgia, did not have to adopt a defensive role in its own community. The people of La Grange knew that the post had not only helped the disabled service man but it had also made itself a leading organization for public service. They recalled particularly, according to Past Commander O. C. Holleran, what the post had done for the schools of La Grange.

"La Grange felt the effects of the depression early," writes Mr. Holleran. "It is primarily a cotton manufacturing community, with thirteen mills in and around the city. The school system faced many problems due to the depression and the post undertook a heavy program of educational extension work. In addition to presenting flags to schools and the Legion's school award medals to honor students, the post sponsored a series of three lectures on citizenship in every school. Eight physicians who belonged to the post gave a series of lectures on preventive medicine.

"In the following year, eighty-nine lectures were given in the schools. The medical lectures and citizenship lectures were repeated, and three of the State's notable lawyers, none of them Legionnaires, spoke in the junior high and high schools on the

form and function of the American Government. Vocational lectures were added for the senior schools and a series of lectures on the history of Georgia was given in the elementary schools. The Rotary Club gave a special dinner for the winners of our school award medals."

### *When You Are in Washington*

**J**UST a quarter-hour journey from the standard sights of Washington, D. C., in the glamorous setting of Alexandria, Virginia, you'll find the most ambitious historical enterprise of an American Legion post. Don't leave Washington without crossing the Potomac to wander among century-old buildings and find yourself at last in Gadsby's Tavern, where surrounded by the furniture and decorations of Colonial forefathers you are transported back to a century and a half ago. Here Washington lived for two important periods in his life and here he returned, amid just such scenes as you may see now, for gala celebrations

when the nation was young. Here was the local meeting place for celebrated Virginia families of his day—the Fairfaxes, Masons, Fitzhughs, Randolphs and Ramseys. You will see now what they saw—the chairs, the rugs, the tables, the wall-hangings, the fireplaces, the beds, the lighting fixtures, of early Virginia—preserved today in an incomparable museum, thanks to Alexandria Post of The American Legion.

You will see Mount Vernon, of course. Gadsby's Tavern will be on your way to Mount Vernon. And seeing the tavern you will have a better picture of the life of Washington's day than if you saw Mount Vernon alone. You will travel back in memory to the day when





the King's Highway ran from Williamsburg, Virginia's capital, past Mount Vernon, to the Potomac at Alexandria, when gentlemen of Virginia and their ladies traveled that highway by coach and horse. You will understand what Gadsby's Tavern was like, when at the gateway between the North and the South and as the most important inn of its section and period it sheltered the notables of the Colonies and the young nation.

The first building was erected in 1752 and a larger addition in 1792. After its days of early grandeur, with changing times and transportation methods, it lapsed into obscurity. A quarter of a century ago the Metropolitan Museum of Art invaded its halls and rooms, took from them their priceless woodwork and transported it to its huge museum on Fifth Avenue in New York City.

A half dozen years ago Alexandria Post of The American Legion bought what was left of Gadsby Tavern—luckily, staunch walls and sound timbering—and began to restore it as it had been. Using blueprints and photographs from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, it has patiently rebuilt the woodwork of room after room, until today only the original ballroom remains to be completed, and that will require an additional sum of \$5,000. The post paid \$18,000 for the building, \$14,000 on mortgage. It has been striving to finance its enterprise by charging twenty-five cents admission to visitors.

The post had unexpected good fortune not long ago when it was given the opportunity to purchase the "Michie's Tavern" collection of Colonial furnishings, acquired at Charlottesville, Virginia, in thirty-five years of antiquarian research by Mrs. Mark Henderson. With a one-year option on this collection, the Legionnaires have moved it to Gadsby's Tavern. An insurance policy for \$150,000 attests its value. Mrs. Henderson herself personally arranged the art objects when they arrived at the Tavern, and she has created the atmosphere of a "home" rather

than of a "museum." At the bar, shown on the opposite page, travelers of Washington's day could borrow a pipe from the common rack as well as buy a beaker of Madeira.

## Oregonian

THE sun that produces glorious roses and tall spruce trees in Oregon is the same sun that makes Florida a wonderland of azaleas and palms. You can't make Oregon spruce trees grow on the Florida shore, however, and cocoanuts aren't a part of the outdoor decorations in Portland. But if you transplant a little Oregonian in Miami, what does it prove when he is declared champion in competition with 649 other little boys and girls, born-Floridians and winter visitors from all the other States?

When the Sun-Sea-Air organization of Miami held its annual winter baby show a few months ago, there emerged as big winner a two-year-old from Oregon officially tagged Victor MacKenzie. Most proud of his victory, his Daddy, Vic MacKenzie, Portland Oregonian, in Miami as The American Legion's National Liaison Officer for the Legion's national convention to be held in Miami, October 22d to 25th. He had held the same post for the Chicago



convention. Proud also, Harvey W. Seeds Post of Miami, for Victor MacKenzie is one of the charter members of the post's squadron of Sons of The American Legion.

The young man first appeared in Legion convention annals at Portland in 1932, just in time to be christened ceremoniously following a meeting of the National Executive Committee. Past National Chaplain Joe Barnett officiated, with Mrs. Gwendolyn MacDowell, National Secretary of the Auxiliary as godmother, Past National Commander E. E. Spafford and Dan Sowers in the role of godfathers, numerous other personages present. At the Chicago national convention, he made his first record. He got more sleep than anybody else who attended it.

## Honored Legionnaires

WHEN National Commander Edward A. Hayes arose to address a meeting of Ohio Legionnaires held under the auspices of McVey Post at Mansfield, Ohio, in April he was inspired by the presence upon the platform with him of three men who represented a group of the most conspicuous sufferers from the Economy Act.

All three were blind and all three belonged to a single post—Wyandot Post of Upper Sandusky, Ohio. Under the Economy Act, passed in March, 1933, their total payments from the Government of \$200 a month had been cut to \$175 a month. This, despite the protestation of those who championed economy at the expense of the veteran that no cut was to be made in the cases of men actually disabled in war service.

Commander Hayes reported to his Mansfield hearers that, as one result of the Legion's victory in obtaining passage of the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill, blinded men had been restored to the full amount they had received up until a year ago. There are now 699 blind (Continued on page 60)



Victor MacKenzie, Jr., who has never in his life missed a Legion national convention, was declared champion in a Miami better baby contest



# *The GOBS TOOK 'EM OVER—in Baseball too*



**T**HE baseball season has been on for a couple of months now and as the sixteen major league and innumerable minor league teams are advancing toward—or slipping from—their respective pennants, thousands of boys' teams are similarly engaged in their race toward the Junior Baseball World Championship under the sponsorship of scores of Legion posts.

It's a hard thing to have to admit, but in those boys' teams are many lads who are sons of the men who were high in the batting order of the scores of teams representing various service outfits during the war. We old men of the Legion are now up to or beyond the age that labels professional ball players as "old men" in the game. Well, at least the kids are carrying on.

Let's take a look at one of the service teams of sixteen years ago. That gang of gobs, pictured on this page, was fortunate in having spiffy uniforms. We remember some outlandish uniforms impressed into service by some of the teams that played on the other side. Here is what Legionnaire John P. Roberts of 47 Carlonia Street, Medford, Massachusetts, has to say about the team on which he played:

"I recently ran across a picture of an old service baseball team that I thought might interest the Then and Now Gang. It was composed of members of the Ship's Company stationed at the U. S. Naval Prison at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, during the summer of 1918. The team was known far beyond our particular station, as it rambled well over all of New England, and numbered in its line-up some men who were prominent then or have since gone ahead. That was true of many of the company, from the skipper on down.

"The Ship's Company at Portsmouth had as its skipper Thomas Mott Osborne, lieutenant commander, who had been warden of Sing Sing Prison in New York State. Included in the company were Billy Duffy, manager of Primo Carnera, heavy-

**This team composed of men of the Ship's Company, U. S. Naval Prison, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, cleaned up the New England sector in baseball during the summer of 1918**

weight champion; Cliff Hall, better known now as the 'Sharlie' of Jack Pearl's 'Baron Munchausen' program on the air; Bill Cox, now secretary of the National Penal Information Bureau in New York City; Raymond H. Boaz, manager of a leading manufacturing concern in Bridgeport, Connecticut; Edward Zeigler, an attorney, and Roy Hartshorn, a dealer in office supplies, both of Boston.

"Now for the team itself, which I'll cover in the usual left to right manner in the accompanying picture, taking the front row first: Dana, a Marine who hailed from Detroit, catcher; Fred Potter, left field, is now district manager for the Erie Railroad at Marblehead, Massachusetts; John Walsh, former amateur boxer, of Lowell, Massachusetts, was one of the pitchers and largely instrumental in carrying the team through a successful season; A. Saltmarsh, now a stock broker in Boston, brought some baseball experience along with him from Dartmouth College and played short; and at the end of the row we find Austin MacCormick, graduate of Bowdoin College and its baseball team, who played third base. Yes, he's the same MacCormick who recently has been a headline news figure as the







A barracks a quarter of a mile long at Fort Mills, Corregidor, P. I., housed ten companies of Coast Artillery, a band company, post exchange and restaurant. Officers' quarters in foreground

result of his investigation of the New York City prison on Welfare Island, as Prison Commissioner of the metropolis.

"Again from the left, standing, we find: John P. Roberts, this contributor, Wool Marketing Specialist, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Boston, who played center; George Hammerstein, captain of the team, who hailed from Columbus, Ohio, is Chief Yeoman stationed at Floyd Bennett Airport, Long Island, and has an enviable record of sixteen years' pitching for Navy teams; J. Henning, utility infielder, chief yeoman, U. S. N., Recruiting Officer stationed at Boston; Joe Fitzgerald, utility outfielder, came from the Dorchester (Massachusetts) high school, and is now in Boston; H. MacGuiness, right field, now with the Boston Post; G. Kelly, first base, a printer in Chicago, and J. Garrey, now deceased, second base, both of whom played semi-pro baseball around Chicago before the war.

"Our team traveled a good deal to play military teams as well as semi-pro teams. We played most of the Coast Artillery and Coast Guard teams on the Maine and Massachusetts coasts, teams representing the U. S. Marines at Portsmouth and Boston Navy Yards, and defeated fast teams from training camps at Hingham, Bumpkin Island, Commonwealth Pier, also those from the Harvard College and Newport, Rhode Island, Training Schools. Semi-pro teams in New Hampshire and Massachusetts were played to promote enlistment. We lost only two games—one at a fort in Portland, Maine, harbor, and another at Newport Training Station.

"A permanent organization known as the Tom Brown Club, composed of former members of our Ship's Company, has an annual meeting. The club name derives from the assumed name under which Commander Osborne served as a prisoner in Portsmouth for a week to investigate conditions

On July 8, 1918, Rear-Admiral Rodman and his staff received Albert, King of the Belgians, and Queen Elizabeth aboard the U. S. S. New York, flagship of the American Sixth Squadron operating with the British Grand Fleet

for the Navy Department before he took charge of the prison. MacCormick served with him as 'John Austin, deserter'."

FROM the Portsmouth Naval Station, let's take a trip "down under" and see what the men who spent the duration in the Philippines were doing with themselves. J. A. McGuire of 522 Prosperity Street, Sikeston, Missouri, spins this yarn:

"I was one of the Regulars serving in the 21st Company, Coast Artillery Corps, at Fort Mills, when war was declared in '17. We received word at eight o'clock at night that the United States had entered the war and all of us who were on the fort searchlight and some of the battery details were called out to go on duty, and those details were on duty night and day throughout the war. About 463 officers and men of the 21st Company remained on Corregidor during the entire period.



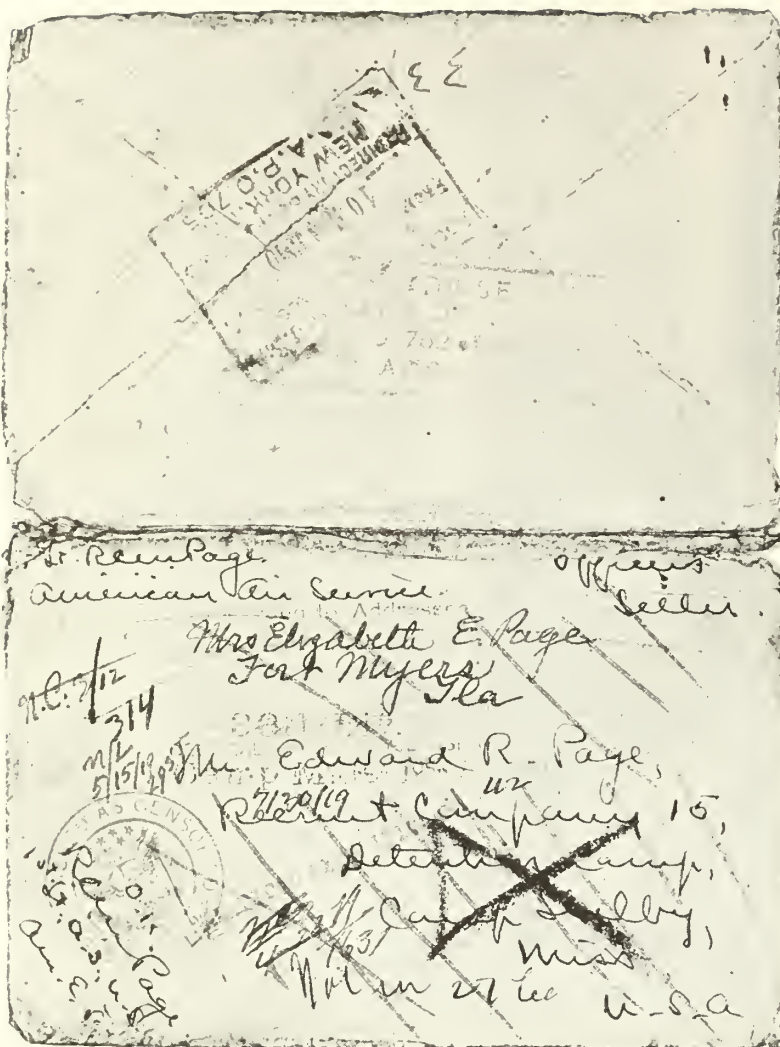
"It was a tough time for us when they began to send the troops back home to go to France. We who were left were mighty disappointed, but maybe we were lucky at that. On the first of October, 1918, we received the good news that we were ordered to sail for the States on October 15th, en route to the A. E. F. Then the transport was hit by a typhoon and was fifteen days late getting into Manila. By the time it was repaired, unloaded and ready to sail, the Armistice had been signed.

"All C. A. C. troops were returned to their former companies, while Quartermaster and Medical Corps men and the Infantry were returned to the States. All of us of the Artillery, however, went back for duty.

"We were regular sunshiners when we got out of the Islands. I put in four years in the land of mañana. We had an easy time soldiering in the Islands during the war—the regular routine of duty, drills and guard. When the duration troops returned home, the mine company I was in, the Second Company, C. A. C., left for outpost duty at Fort Drum, better known in the Islands as the 'concrete battleship.' Although a sergeant, I was made mail orderly and also had to handle all rations. I had to make a round trip across the South Channel each day in a Q. M. C. launch with a Filipino captain and crew. That captain would cross the Channel in any kind of weather and as we were there during the







Evidence that the A. P. O. at least tried to "get its man." The letter enclosed in this much-forwarded envelope made three trips across the Atlantic before it caught up with the addressee

typhoon season, the ride was mighty rough at times, but nothing stopped us. I was ordered out of the Islands in June, 1920, for Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, California, and soldiered there until discharged in July, 1921.

"The picture I enclose shows some of the officers' quarters at Fort Mills, with the quarter-mile-long barracks in the background. This barracks housed ten companies of C. A. C., a band company, the post exchange and a restaurant."

**F**OLLOWING the death in February last of Albert, King of the Belgians, an heroic figure during the war, we received a number of letters from men who had seen the King during their service overseas or had had some contact with him. We wish that space would permit us to use all of these letters and to report the numerous Legion memorial services held following his death.

The snapshot which we display on page 35 of the King and Queen Elizabeth at the time they visited the American Squadron in the North Sea in 1918 was loaned to us by Commander Edward V. Dannaker of Old Glory Naval Post of Brooklyn, New York. He tells us this about the visit:

"The death of King Albert recalled to me the visit he and his queen paid our American Sixth Squadron on July 8, 1918, while we were at anchor in the Firth of Forth, off Rosyth, Scotland. I am enclosing a snapshot showing his official reception by Rear-Admiral Rodman and his staff aboard the U. S. S. *New York*, flag ship of the American squadron, on which I served in the Marine detachment. In the receiving party are shown Commander Woodward, Executive Officer, Captain C. F. Hughes,

Commander of the *New York*, then the Admiral, and on his left the ship's Navigating Officer, whose name I cannot recall. To the rear of the party is the Marine detachment at 'Present Arms.' Major Julian P. Willcox was commanding officer of the Marines and First Lieutenant Richard Hall Jeschke, his junior officer. I read just the other day that Major Willcox has been transferred recently to the Marine Regiment at the American Legation at Peiping (Pekin), China.

"Just prior to the King's visit, we had been on a four-day convoy trip. Upon putting into Rosyth, we coaled ship all the day prior to the visit and the crew had to stay up all that night washing down the ship to get it clean again. Later in July we were honored also by a visit from King George of England.

"I became a member of the Marine detachment aboard the *New York* in August, 1917, and we sailed with other ships of the fleet on November 25, 1917, for foreign service, steaming into Scapa Flow in the Orkney Islands, on December 7th. Upon our arrival we became officially known as the Sixth Battle Squadron of the Grand Fleet and continued to serve as an integral part of it until the surrender of the German High Seas Fleet in November, 1918. We escorted the *George Washington*, bearing President Wilson to the Peace Conference, into Brest, and then the squadron returned home, arriving in New York, December 26, 1918.

"On the first Sunday of March last, Old Glory Naval Post held a memorial service for the late King Albert. Our post, I believe, is the largest all-Navy post in the East. Our membership, consisting solely of former sailors and marines, has averaged around five hundred for the past several years."

**S**EVERAL years ago—in the October, 1930, Monthly—we included in this department a brief story regarding the Postal Express Service of the A. E. F. and the A. P. O.'s directed by it. The story, while not entirely commendatory, did admit that the P. E. S. had assumed the job of delivering mail to the men of the A. E. F. just at a time when the overseas forces had grown almost overnight from an army of one million men to one of two million, and that under the circumstances had done a pretty good job.

That little boost for a branch of service which was as essential to the morale of the troops as the Quartermaster Department which supplied food, brought a number of letters of protest from Legionnaires who didn't think



the service had been so hot. In this connection we make a special bow in the general direction of Tip who conducts the Column Right feature in the *American Legion Councillor* of Toledo, Ohio. Tip—E. J. Tippet, Jr., editor of that publication—and the Company Clerk had a friendly long-distance duel of words in their respective columns on that subject. Don't jump to the conclusion that all of the other comments were unfavorable. They weren't.

In reviving this discussion, we have to thank Legionnaire Edward R. Page of Fort Myers, Florida, (Continued on page 62)



# THE VOICE of the LEGION

Propaganda, Membership, Politics and Insurance Engage Attention  
of Editors of Publications

**T**HIS is the age of propaganda. Newspapers that follow the old code of ethics which calls for the publishing of only true facts in relation to all events are fast disappearing from the scene. Probably no better recent example can be found than the way the press and news services of the country handled the events surrounding the passage of the Independent Offices Bill and especially the parts which related to the restoration of disability compensation.

Newspapers long known for their conservative treatment of all news events were no exceptions. All seemed to think it was up to them to put the veteran in as bad a light as possible.

However, in their anxiety to injure the veteran's cause they overdid the job with the result that even those ignorant of the true facts and figures were not fooled by the flood of propaganda that gushed from the pens of nearly all writers . . .

Such dispatches very deftly leave the impression that it is not restoration of pay to federal employes but the chiseling veterans who are primarily responsible for the unbalancing of a federal budget which has never been in balance except for the ridiculous bookkeeping stratagem of ignoring some seven billions of dollars in alphabetical financing.—*American Legion Weekly Bulletin, Los Angeles, California.*

## I AM MEMBERSHIP

**I** AM membership. I am the life and spirit of The American Legion. I am symbolic of power and strength. The American Legion can never be any greater than I am. I spread to all corners of the world. Wherever men roam, there am I.

I make no distinctions as to race, color or creed. I treat all men alike. It matters not whether they served here or abroad, if they served honorably. All men and women who served this nation honorably in the World War may become part of me and my work—for God and Country.

Service to community, State and nation, peace on earth, comradeship—these are my watchwords.

I live for the disabled veteran, for the orphan of the World War, for all service men.

Their problems are mine and I am dedicated to them.

I am their voice. When I speak the world listens.

In my ranks are rich men, poor men—officers, enlisted men—my democracy is America itself. I am a cross-section of the nation. I live for America. I am membership. I am The American Legion.—*Hoosier Legionnaire.*

## THE LEGION AND POLITICS

**T**HIS being campaign year, there will, no doubt, from time to time, be an effort made by some to embroil The American Legion as an organization in politics. This, no one has a right to do, as it is well known that our organization is non-sectarian and non-political. The press or anyone else has no authority to say that the present administration is for any particular candidate,

or that this or that candidate has the backing or indorsement of The American Legion. Anyone who has the interest of our organization at heart would not make such a statement.

Each of us has the inherent right to make his individual choice at the polls and we should perform that duty. In doing that we exemplify good citizenship and good government. But for anyone to say that the vote of the Legion can or will be delivered to any particular candidate is an insult to the intelligence of our rank and file. Certainly, your present Commander and those under his direction have made no such statement and will not be guilty of breaking faith at any time. **SO DON'T BE MISLED!**—*Department Commander W. G. Stigler in the Oklahoma Legionnaire.*

## CHECK YOUR BENEFICIARY

**I**N TWO recent instances in Wayne County, the surviving families of deceased veterans have been robbed of their estate by the failure of the veteran, prior to death, to see that his wife was named beneficiary of his adjusted compensation certificate or government insurance.

Most of the young men who went to war in 1917 and 1918 were single men. They took out insurance and named parents, brothers or sisters as beneficiaries. When the adjusted compensation was provided by law, many followed the same inclination. Since that time, however, many of these men have married and have children. If they thought of it, they would surely state that any property they left at death should go to the support of their families.

Check up, comrade, and be sure that your estate, including that which you will have coming from Uncle Sam at your death, goes to the persons you NOW want to have it. The service officer of your post will advise you how to go about changing your beneficiary.—*Legion News, Detroit, Michigan.*

## TIME FOR A SQUARE DEAL

**W**E LEGIONNAIRES have argued, marshaled facts, refuted false claims, denounced professional propagandists, exposed their rackets, exploded arguments and figures advanced by governmental agencies and executives—yet the damnable campaign of misrepresentation continues.

In the *Toledo Times* of May 15th is printed a dispatch from the Associated Press relative to President Franklin Roosevelt's message to Congress asking for another great sum for "recovery" . . .

One paragraph reads:

"President Roosevelt in his message to Congress today indicated the amount provided has been trimmed by the necessity of providing for appropriations Congress had allowed for veterans over his veto."

Whoever is guilty of the sly slander, it is a cheap, peanut-politics trick. Here the President is asking for \$1,322,000,000 more—another chunk of the 10 to 30 billion-dollar program—and we are asked to believe that this (Continued on page 38)



# The Voice of the Legion

(Continued from page 37)

"recovery" program is hampered by a comparatively little sum of about seven million dollars. . . .

The total estimated cost of caring for the "presumptives" is \$10,900,000. The President's scheme of handling them by "royal" regulations would have cost the country a third as much. The difference, then, is \$7,266,000. The bill also carries thirty-one millions of expense for *service-connected* cases.

The Administration and proponents of the 1933 "Economy" act have loudly professed their desire for the utmost generosity toward these men. So it cannot be contended that they opposed this sum.

The balance of the 228 million which the recent bill is estimated to cost goes to Spanish War veterans and to government clerks, mailmen and other employes. . . .

Let The American Legion take on its shoulders the "blame" for both sums in full—about 42 millions. This, dear scholars, is a **LITTLE OVER THREE**

PERCENT of what the President asked! —*American Legion Councillor, Toledo, Ohio.*

## AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

THE sudden death of a very popular member of the post and Guard, a man who was the picture of health, only 41 years old, Alois Herzig, prompts this editorial. Let not this sad bereavement to us, his friends, be without its lesson to all of us.

Al died of a heart attack, but it matters not what was the cause; it is the untimeliness of this man's demise that is of moment.

What a tragedy it is for men to go on, year after year, unconscious of the beginning of a condition that will be fatal when they could be cured by the easiest and simplest precaution *if they knew there was something wrong*. But, they won't go and find out. Life insurance companies gave free annual examinations to policyholders for years; not one man in thousands

availed himself of the service.

For God's sake, men, go see your doctor at least once a year. *Do it now—today!*—*Newark (New Jersey) Legionnaire.*

## PLANT A TREE FOR EVERY STUMP

OF THE many fine projects which have been sponsored by The American Legion in Nebraska, few have caused such widespread commendation as the proposal to have a state-wide observance of Arbor Day this year to replace the trees which have been cut down for various purposes in the last three years. The slogan of "Plant a tree for every stump" has caught the popular fancy.

There are several reasons why this Arbor Day celebration promises to be such a complete success. Probably most important, it is typically a Nebraska day, for Arbor Day was originated here. . . .

The Legion's program is big enough to take in every phase of tree planting for the good of the State.—*Nebraska Legionnaire.*

# The Drums of Marlboro

(Continued from page 29)

he labored with the Marlboro drummers.

In the spring, the young corps' fancy lightly turned to thoughts of prize money. The very first available drum corps competition was at Taunton. We entered it and won \$100. After that we won more and more; winning became a habit. At Plymouth we won the state Legion championship. In the national championships at Detroit we placed third in the semi-finals. Success!

Then back to Marlboro and more work under Lawrence Stone. Then another season, culminating in the Eastern States Legion championships at East Orange, New Jersey, where we beat Frankford (Pennsylvania) Post, the 1929 national champions, and won \$500. The only fly in our 1932 ointment was that we lost the Legion Department championship by one point to Rockland Post—not to be confused with Rockport Post, which had the prize float in the Chicago parade last year. Except for that loss, we had been consistent winners, and consistent recipients of substantial prize money. Massachusetts by that time was becoming drum corps-minded, and the competitions were many and profitable.

By spring, 1933, Akroyd Corps had seventy members (the post by now had 200 members), two complete sets of uniforms, two sets of drums, two sets of bugles—a spare for every wheel. With money coming in, we got a new uniform—high red shako with pom-pom, red trousers with blue stripes, blue jacket on the West Point pattern. Lawrence Stone had invented a

new and superior kind of drum, with internal rods, and the new drums were got. The bugling still lacked something of perfection, so we had sent to Boston and hired Walter Smith, a nationally known cornet soloist, to be our bugle instructor.

We had gone through a winter of hard work—Sunday morning drills in the armory, music practice twice a week in a public school which proud fellow citizens were glad to let us use. No sooner were the elms of Marlboro green than the bugles of Marlboro began to blow in every available parade. It was a splendid outfit. It could march, it could drum, it could bugle. New England by this time was just a welter of drum corps competitions. We entered every one we could find. In a score or more of contests, we never placed lower than second and we were second only three times. No wonder everybody was yelling "On to Chicago!"

So what? Aw, you know! Akroyd Post Drum and Bugle Corps entered the National Championships of The American Legion and got 96.115 points out of a possible hundred. We won by the biggest margin ever attained at a national convention. We won \$1250 too, and \$1250 is big money, even with a fifty-nine-cent dollar.

That's most of the story so far. But there will be more to tell. Everybody hopes, and I suspect all Marlboro thinks, there will be more to tell after Miami, for we are going on to Miami. We're going to be better, too. Akroyd Post doesn't milk its drum corps. The money we make is

plowed right back into the ground—the parade ground. Christopher Ghiloni, the business manager, sees to that. That's progress.

This policy is a derivative of bitter experience. We didn't always have money for fine drums. Time was when we didn't even have the price of a spare baton. Our present drum major is William H. Finn, Jr., and he probably is the only drum major of record who ever was a non-drumming major of the Army. Drum Major Finn (Major Finn, M.N.G., retired) once had to be followed by a non-drumming Legionnaire wherever he paraded. His baton was precious. The corps took no chances with it. The moment he began to make elaborate flourishes, it was whisked right out of his hands and a cheap one—improvised out of a broom handle or something—was substituted. That's how poor we were.

Nowadays we go on more pretentiously, with better equipment, but with no more ambition. We have learned that dogged ambition pays. We still practice three days a week, and at the end of a practice session, we're ready for bed. We are learning advanced music, as buglers; spectacular rhythms, as drummers. And we are not alone.

All Marlboro resounds to drums. There are drum corps in most of the public schools. The whole neighborhood of Marlboro is resounding to drums. Drums are epidemic, I think—contagious. Next to making shoes, the principal activities of Marlboro are drumming and bugling.

And the secret of success, as Doc



Kelleher says, is showmanship. In the way of showmanship, we first find out what is possible, then we try it. Our buglers essay music which ordinary buglers cannot play at all. Our drummers are dextrous beyond the requirements of many a famous orchestra. We have marching formations that would try the technique of the West Point Cadet Corps.

And Marlboro is persuaded that no parade is a success without a drum and bugle corps. Bands are all right for stationary music, but Marlboro thinks that it takes lots of drums to make a good show out of a parade. Drum and bugle music is the hallmark of The American Legion. Of course not all of us will go so far as the chap I'm about to quote, but his idea has a ring of authenticity just the same. I asked a fellow bugler why bands aren't more popular with paraders. And this is what he said:

"Just between you and me, it's because the bands are lousy . . . that is, in marching. A man who is almost blowing his ears out in an attempt to slaughter a big brass oompah that's twined around his neck positively cannot turn many corners on a dime. Straight ahead, he has to go, and not too much of that."

Akroyd Post's corps can turn corners on dimes. Today it has \$17,000 worth of equipment. It can carry half of this equipment at a time and march perfectly. At the same time, the drums will beat perfectly. At the same time, the buglers will make noises on their bugles and the noises will be music. To get the most out of our specialty we have subjected ourselves to a discipline that would satisfy the worst martinet in the Army. To illustrate:

Once the corps was marching in wide-spread lines. A newspaper photographer got ahead of the front line, right where a bugler was supposed to go. The bugler went there just the same—across the tripod, over the camera, across an absolutely supine photographer. Another time the corps was marching in column. Major Finn gave the flourish to form a sort of hollow square. When the evolution had been finished, there was a cop, a traffic cop, on the inside. He tried to break through, but the corps marched right along, giving ground to nobody. The cop didn't get out of the square and back to his post until the drum major had given the signal for another evolution.

Discipline makes the marching. Discipline makes for good playing, too. Doc Kelleher, bugle sergeant, Charles Bliss, corps commander, Fred Stone, drum sergeant, Major Finn—ask any of them; they'll tell you the same thing. And good discipline, good marching, good drumming, good bugling, these things make for showmanship.

And showmanship makes friends. It made friends for the Barrymore family. It made friends for Ziegfeld, for Belasco, for Shakespeare, and so on back to Sophocles. Showmanship has made friends for The American Legion in Marlboro and all over Massachusetts and, I think now, all over America. It's a great asset.

JULY, 1934



*What? Holding my cigarette wrong?*

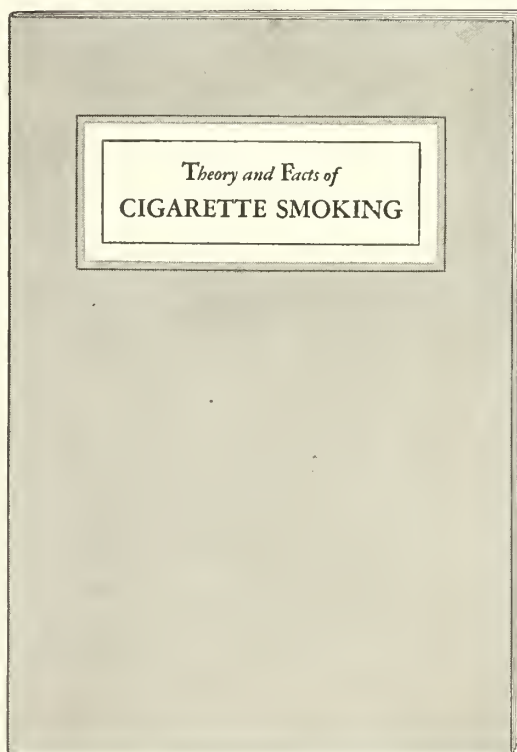


*Does smoking steady or stimulate?*



*What has lighting a cigarette to do with teeth stains?*

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Probably you'll be surprised to learn that nicotine is not the dread demon it's popularly supposed to be. And you'll be delighted to discover how to smoke cigarettes with a minimum of objectionable effects.

For that's the purpose of this new book . . . to help you get more genuine, harmless pleasure out of smoking. Written after years of research and based on university tests, it tells you how to judge popular brands of cigarettes for mildness. It reveals the secret of lighting and holding

any cigarette to reduce its tongue-bite, its staining effect on your teeth.

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# The Right of the Line

(Continued from page 21)

the poor devils in the middle of the day when they weren't expecting us, and poured rapid fire into them, at the same time raising quite a long yell. They fled—without casualties, I think—and Johnny and I and our mercenaries fell upon that noble little shack, jerked it off its foundations and ran away with it.

Alas again! It had been constructed of green bamboo and was even heavier than we had anticipated. Also, it was wider than portions of jungle road down which we designed to transport it, the day was very hot and our hired assassins soon commenced to complain bitterly and regret their contract. Johnny and I urged them on with honeyed words and when they finally quit on us and I reminded them of the sacredness of a contractual relation, I was blithely told to go to hell.

THIS was my first experience wrestling with the age-old problem of Labor and Capital. Apparently, without a word having been spoken our six mercenaries had formed a labor union—Housemovers Local No. 1—and gone on strike. I thought some of getting scabs to take their places, but Johnny, ever resourceful, suggested arbitration. So we arbitrated and finally the dirty dogs went back to work on my promise to buy them each a quart of ice-cold beer, price eighty cents Mex, in a village adjacent to our lines.

Like ants dragging home a dead fly, we resumed our journey—and two hundred yards from our own outposts they struck again. Immediately I resorted to the lock-out. They had broken their contract twice, and since I had paid them nothing as yet, I now invited them to go to hell for their dobe dollar and quart of beer. This was considered a great joke and there rose instantly some loose talk of tearing our shack to pieces. But Johnny said there'd be bloodshed if the attempt should be made, so that proposition died a-bornin'. Finally I settled the strike with a promise of an additional pint of beer and they toted our home across the field and set it up behind the lines for us.

We lived very happily in our new home. We set it up on a high, heavy bamboo foundation, thus escaping the flood waters which otherwise would have crept up through the floor; the sides and roof were waterproof and we had a place for everything and everything in its place.

But alas, a demon was due to enter our domestic establishment. We had but one company officer and sergeants commanded platoons; our platoon was ruled by a big, black, lazy, lovable, humorous Irish martinet who, although less than thirty years old, was on his third enlistment and insisted that he should be known as 'The Ould Man, for he had the appearance and mannerisms of a man of forty and was old in military experience.

Everybody loved The Ould Man. Every inch of his six feet and his hundred and ninety pounds of bone and muscle was Soldier and Man. Off duty he was a boy—a great, fun-loving play-boy—but on duty it behooved one to jump lively when The Ould Man gave an order. He'd put his own brother in the mill, and his particular buddy was a little Bohunk named Poplovsky. In rooting around in a junk shop in the Quiapo district in Manila with me one day, Pop had found a battered, dirty old violin. I had not yet spent my payday, so when Pop begged me to buy this dirty old fiddle for him, I did, although protesting at the five dollars gold it cost me. Then I ruined myself completely by buying him a bridge, keys, strings, a second-hand case, a bow and some resin. Of course Pop repaid me—in cash and wonderful music—for he was not a fiddler but a violinist, but at that he got his fiddle pretty cheap, for it was—a Stradivarius! Yes, that man knew a real fiddle when he saw one.

Pop took his priceless fiddle into campaign with him. When he was in action the fiddle remained in charge of the cook, who followed on the fringes of the row with the camp coolies and the bull cart loaded with the rations and kitchen equipment. But when the day's work was over Pop would cuddle his old fiddle under his chin and play "Killarney" for The Ould Man, whose big brown eyes would turn misty at the thoughts the air inspired.

Well, these two queerly assorted men lived in a wretched hovel composed of strips torn from packing cases, palm leaves and their shelter halves and laid flat on the ground. They were always going to build themselves a real house, but somehow they never got around to it, because whenever they had time to build themselves a shelter The Ould Man would make Pop fiddle for him. And, of course, Pop, being a true artist, could never deny his best efforts to an appreciative audience.

THE shiftlessness of this duo preyed on my young mind. I warned them that almost any night now they could expect to be flooded out and find themselves homeless; I paraded the forethought of my bunkie and me in providing ourselves with a real home, but all The Ould Man did was to get up, rather regretfully, inspect our little castle and approve of it.

My prophecy came true. A typhoon ushered in the rainy season and in the dead of night, after five minutes of rainfall, our trenches were running bank full; lightning flashed and thunder boomed. In our cosy nest Johnny and I lay and congratulated ourselves on our prudence and enterprise.

Suddenly above the crash of the storm we heard wild cries approaching down the trench and the next thing we knew The Ould Man was saying just outside: "Where's the door to this shack? Johnny!

Petie! Open up or me little bunkie an' I'll be dhronded."

"There's no room for you, Ould Man," I replied. "This is a two-man shack. Besides, didn't I warn you two bums about this kind of weather?"

"Take us in," The Ould Man pleaded. "Our house has been washed away an' all me smokin' tobacco wit' it. Quick, let us in. Pop's fiddle'll get wet an' bust open."

"You and Pop can both get wet and bust open for all we care, but you don't crawl in on Johnny and me, like a pair of wet dogs, and ruin our home."

"This is unfriendly, Petie," The Ould Man declared sadly. "Worse, 'tis impudence to a non-commissioned officer in time av war. Remember, rank has its privileges. However, far be it from me to use me chevrons to obtain the civility a real man would accord to a caribao on a wild night like this so at least open up an' take in me bunkie's fiddle."

REALIZING, of course, that Pop's life would be a barren waste if that old fiddle were ruined, I opened the door, and instantly The Ould Man hurled himself in and threw me out into the wild night. Pop, with his fiddle wrapped in two ponchos, crawled in alongside The Ould Man and the two threatened to throw Johnny out if he so much as said boo. The Ould Man lighted a nubbin of candle and surveyed his new home.

"By shleepin' the width av this house instead av the length there's room for four," he declared, and tenderly let me in, alleging that I had had my lesson and would not again offend. And he and that fiddling fool of a bunkie of his stayed with us in that shack until we moved out of the country forever.

Dear Ould Man! What a loving tyrant he was! He ruled his platoon with a shelter-tent stick, smiting smartly across the buttocks all men who, according to his own fanciful conceit, neglected to pay him the homage due his office. Woe unto the wretch who, in The Ould Man's presence, made the first bite into a plug of chewing tobacco, or who opened a package of gum or American cigarettes without first proffering that great despot his due share. I can see him yet, walking down the line, shelter tent stick in hand, his merry brown eyes appraising his platoon in a manner that advertised all too plainly his purpose to put over a raid. It pleased him to refer to himself always in the third person; through the mists of the years his voice with its deep Celtic burr comes back to me. There is a sort of childish pathos in it.

"Who's going to lind The Ould Man a dobe dollar to get into a poker game?" Or: "Who's goin' to take a pascar to the village wit' The Ould Man an' buy him a quart av cowl'd beer?"

No answer. I see the stick descend smart-



ly across that section of a soldier's anatomy which, in the words of Thomas Ingoldsby, no gentleman will ever present to friend or foe. "Hah! So ye'd deceive me, would ye? Ye vagabone! 'Tis reported to me be me scouts that ye have money. In all decency I gave ye a chance to volunteer—so now I'll have it wit' or wit'out the askin'." And forthwith I see him hook his huge arm around his victim and drag him away to his doom.

The man had charm. Even the company grouches could not be angry with him, because he never worked the same source of revenue twice and everybody knew that down underneath that bluster and fake tyranny, that wholly delightful solemn assumption of kingly prerogatives, there beat a warm, kind, brave heart. If we were ill The Ould Man grafted money or ran his credit ragged to buy us delicacies at the commissary; he would walk miles in the heat to visit us in hospital; when big bullies picked on men they knew they could whip, it was always The Ould Man who sidled up, as good-natured as a St. Bernard pup, and said:

"Very well, lad. Lick this man if ye must, but bear this in mind. Whin ye're through lickin' him ye have an engagemint wit' me. I'm a queer man, so I am. I do all the fist fightin' for me platoon wit' thim outside the platoon."

I never knew him to fight anybody, for nobody had to be assured of his willingness and ability to mix it when mixing it appeared to be the only solution to infractions of his peculiar code.

He disapproved of my wardrobe. In the months following the finish of the Spanish War and the breaking out of the Filipino insurrection I had had a dozen white drill uniforms made to order, my esthetic young soul having rebelled against the cheap white staple clothing issued us for tropical wear. Also I had had a number of white shirts made to order and when I stepped out I wore white canvas shoes, for the uniform regulations in those days were very lax; indeed, we had no uniform regulations for the tropics, the tropics having been thrust upon us unexpectedly, as it were, in consequence of which headquarters viewed with a tolerant eye anything that kept a man comfortable, provided it at the same time proved him a soldier.

So, because I was the dandy of the outfit, The Ould Man called me The Rain-maker. I believe my smart raiment reminded him of the gaudy habiliments of an Indian medicine man, invoking rain. Had he known I planned to spend my money so recklessly he would have forbidden the act, for why buy fancy clothing when beer was on sale at the regimental canteen? He forbade me to waste my money in such manner in the future, under pain of a severe drubbing.

It was a little thing that first attracted his attention to me. I went on guard one morning and, as per custom, before the first sergeant took the detail over to guard-mount, he inspected us. The Ould Man was on (Continued on page 42)

# The "G-3" MYSTERY-

## How "THIRD DEGREE" methods developed an astonishing NEW tire



... a brutal "third degree"—testing the endurance of a tire on high speed friction wheels

### Goodyear Experts Solve Puzzle and Return an Improved All-Weather Tread That Gives 43% Longer Non-Skid Mileage

**F**RANKLY, we hardly believed it ourselves when this new "G-3" Goodyear tire showed ability to deliver 43% more non-skid mileage.

It was astonishing. We knew it had won against all other treads tested on high speed friction wheels. We knew it had survived the most brutal "third degree" ever inflicted by the test drivers.

"G-3" was one of many tread designs originated to stop the mysterious tread-wear that was attacking all tires. Not just competitive tires, but even ours. When it was determined that the cause for unusual wear was the higher-powered, faster-braking, modern automobiles, Goodyear executives demanded not just a better tire, but a vastly superior tire.

Now that "G-3" All-Weather tires have been in use for some months (in a few sizes) the reasons for the astonishing toughness of this new All-Weather design can be summarized this way:

**A wider, flatter tread—actually 5½% more road contact.**

**Greater traction—16% more non-skid blocks.**

**A firmer, more compact tread—Ribs are 11½% wider; grooves are narrower; less "squirming."**

**More rubber in the tread—an average of 2 pounds more per tire.**

**Added safety—in actual test, 43% longer non-skid mileage.**



The tires stood up—but the brakes couldn't "take it." They had to be adjusted every 8 hours—relined every 72

The "G-3" tread is made possible by widening the road contact, which puts some additional strain on sidewalls. But the famous extra-durable, extra-elastic SUPERTWIST cord carcass has plenty of reserve for this duty. Here, Goodyear was prepared to increase tread width without the slightest difficulty. And, because SUPERTWIST is a patented Goodyear feature, the advanced principle of "G-3" All-Weather design will be found in Goodyear tires only.

If you would know how "G-3" and SUPERTWIST combine to provide the most astonishing tire that has ever carried the Goodyear name, go to your nearest Goodyear Dealer's, and see this marvel.

The mystery of tread-wear under new automobiles is not only solved but ANSWERED. "G-3" is as far ahead of ordinary tires as the snappy, quiet, and fleet cars of today are superior to the lumbering "hacks" of years gone by.

See the "G-3." Keep up-to-date on how tires—Goodyear tires—have been improved in tread wear and non-skid safety. You get "G-3" All-Weather tires at the regular price. It costs more to build, but nothing extra to buy.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.  
AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

# GOOD YEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



# The Right of the Line

(Continued from page 41)

guard with me that day and had cruelly permitted me to walk into an ambush with the top, who was a hard-boiled, terrible old German—a type that has disappeared from our Army these many years. I was as neat and clean as could be, but alas, I had forgotten to shave. I was only eighteen years old and a shave once a week was all I needed to keep me looking tolerably clean; not having contracted the habit of the daily shave, I suppose I might have been pardoned for my oversight that morning. Nevertheless, The Ould Man decided I should be taught a lesson.

Just before the top was due to look us over, The Ould Man pretended to notice my terrible condition for the first time and warned me I would catch the devil from the top. For some reason, however, the top overlooked me in the rear rank, so away we marched to guard mount.

Eventually the adjutant inspected us. "Hey, you," he rasped at me, "how dare you come on guard mount without shaving?" He looked over my head to our top, standing in rear of the detail. "Come here, Sergeant," he ordered, "and look at this man from your detail."

The top came around and looked unutterable things at me. He felt hurt, humiliated, disgraced, guilty. He said to me: "Kyne, what the hell do you mean by coming the guard mount on mit whiskers a foot long yet."

They were crowding me and I didn't like it, so I took refuge in my constitutional rights. "Sergeant," I replied, "it is my intention to raise a Van Dyke beard, and I have to start it in order to have it. Is there any law against an enlisted man raising a Van Dyke beard? I notice the adjutant wears one. There must have been a day when he appeared at guard mount in great need of a shave, I'm sure."

I had floored them! Caught them out at first! The idea of a child like me presuming to raise a Van Dyke beard appeared to

move the adjutant to a strange emotion, and when he could control it he said: "Private Kyne is quite within the Regulations, Sergeant. It is his privilege to raise a Van Dyke beard if he so desires, and as he has said, in order to raise a beard a man must start it."

"Dot Van Dyke beard vill in der kitchen grow best," the top reminded me ominously. "Ven off guard you come, repord to der cook for von week."

"Sir," said I to the adjutant, "this is a disciplinary measure. I am entitled to perform my K. P. by roster. If I have committed a military crime I claim my right to a summary court-martial or the privilege of accepting company punishment at the hands of my company commander."

"Again you are quite within your military rights," quoth the adjutant.

The top scowled and flushed. It hurt him to have a recruit talk up and to the point and get away with it, for he was a great tyrant. The Ould Man was very proud of me, and claimed I was a credit to his platoon but took occasion to remind me that a soldier has no rights—merely a few privileges, and that these can be taken from him at any moment. He also advised me to get rid of that incipient Van Dyke beard, which I stubbornly refused to do because the sight of it drove that German top crazy. At every glimpse of my virginal down he would actually sizzle. He made the going so hard for me that at the end of two weeks I capitulated, but still he kept up his oppression until The Ould Man walked up to him one day and said:

"Top, me enlistmint expires in a few months. I'm goin' to take on agin, but for wan day I'll be a civilian, and that day I'll celebrate by holdin' a post-mortem on a German hog. For every dirty thing you do to young Kyne I'll hit you twice whin the time comes."

Dear Ould Man! How often he stopped me from stepping out with some older man

whose society he deemed deleterious for a boy. And when he took on in the cavalry for a change (and why they accepted the man I cannot understand, for he was huge) he was wont to grieve gravely over the possibility of his being issued "an angry horse."

A year after I had returned to civil life, Johnny, my old friend John wrote me that The Ould Man was ill with dysentery, that he had been sent home on the transport *Sherman* and would arrive shortly after the receipt of Johnny's letter. Eagerly I awaited the docking of that transport; standing at the gangplank I looked into the face of every stretcher case they carried down until at last there were no more, and a feeling of dread stole over me and made me wait yet a little longer. Presently the hatches came off and they commenced unloading the dead—six to a sling-load. And as a sling-load hovered over the dock and slowly descended, I read on the end of one coffin case The Ould Man's name and outfit.

He had died just as the transport came to anchor in San Francisco Bay. They told me he had asked to be lifted up to the port-hole, that he might look out again upon God's country—and I often think the brave soul may have hoped against hope that in that last look he might see me hovering around the ship in a launch, waiting for it to clear quarantine. I thought, as I sat down on his coffin-case on the dock and visited with him a little while before they carried him away, what a great privilege it was to have known him and to have been walloped across the tail with his tent stick.

My cogitations were interrupted by a kindly woman nurse who, seeing me paying The Ould Man the tribute of my tears, came up and said sympathetically:

"Your brother?"

"Closer than that," I told her. "We soldiered together."

## That Earlier American Legion

(Continued from page 13)

name from "Legion" to "American Legion." Plus faith—faith that at this distance I find difficult to distinguish from impudence.

Anyhow, we had our heads down and were bucking the line as solemnly and confidently as if we had only a couple of other fellows in front of us. All we were trying to do was to establish an unofficial United States Reserve of fighting men and of the men needed with and behind them.

Dr. Hausmann had, I believe, served under General Wood; with no other semblance of pull or introduction, I wrote to Major General Leonard Wood at

Governors Island, enclosing our plans and our list. There came a cordial reply and, February 12, 1915, we took the ferry to the headquarters of the Department of the East for a personal interview. There were present several of his staff—Captain Gordon Johnston, Captain Dorey and, then or later, Captain Charles E. Kilbourne—of the highest type, all of them. [Colonel Johnston, as he had since been promoted, died on March 9th, after this article had been written. EDITOR.]

And perhaps it has no place in this article, but anywhere, any time, the name of General Leonard Wood comes up I stop

in my tracks to salute the finest type of man and American I have known, never so much man and so splendid an American as when the victim of petty and bitter injustice.

We departed with our hearts singing. No official help or endorsement could be given us, but we had been told our plan was "the most practical step yet taken for Defense," that our tremulous list was a good one, and that Captain Johnston and others of the staff would give what advice they could. They did! So, very shortly afterward, did the late Commander R. K. Crank of the Navy and Captain Frank E. Evans of the



Marine Corps. Capt. Johnston became the main dynamo in getting things done and bringing the Legion into practical being.

Thanks to General Wood's personal influence we had a personal interview with Theodore Roosevelt a week later and soon thereafter received his letter of endorsement for publication. The American Legion idea had begun getting help in earnest; men of influence put their shoulders to the wheel. My own life became a mad orgy of getting the general prospectus into final shape and preparing dope for the papers besides trying to hold down a regular job and have the grippe. Late in the afternoon of February 26th Dr. Hausmann, Captain Johnston and I gave out said dope at the Barge Office down at the Battery, releasing it for March 1, 1915.

During the intervening days all concerned worked frantically to have a Legion in practical working existence when it was announced. One "Line-a-Day" entry reads: "Work at home on Legion. The 2:44 to osteopath for pain in head; ordered home to bed. Dinner at —'s; lie on couch till 9; Legion work; finish it at Penn Station, get it into the mail and catch the 1:10."

March first the news of the Legion's launching occupied the front page from coast to coast. Defense was becoming a national issue and our Council carried the names of Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, three ex-Secretaries of War, Jacob M. Dickinson, Henry L. Stimson and Luke E. Wright; two ex-Secretaries of the Navy, Truman H. Newberry and George von L. Meyer. Later were added a second ex-President, William H. Taft, and another ex-Secretary of the Navy, Charles J. Bonaparte.

So much for the outward showing. At this time the Legion, in actual fact, consisted of the outfit already mentioned, an unequipped office just secured, our list of trades and occupations extended to cover some seventy or eighty classifications, a total membership (by mail, through *Adventure*) of 300 or 400. Plus influential endorsers and the nucleus of an organization.

The offices at 10 Bridge Street were at once swamped, not only with applications, applicants and reporters, but with people of all kinds who offered their services free to help handle the work. The pacifists went wild in the other direction. Bishop Greer attacked General Wood, who had courageously given his personal, not his official, endorsement; boomed our publicity greatly, and finally was forced to retract publicly. Promptly on the second day the War Department started an inquiry into General Wood's connection with the Legion. More publicity, but it was the first move in the relentless campaign against this effort to get for the people what the Administration itself refused to get them—some least, elementary measure of National Defense.

Note the harmlessness of the organization the pacifists hailed as a menace. It merely registered the man-resources needed in case of war, carefully classified and cross-indexed. (Continued on page 44)

JULY, 1934

**LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO  
IN ARROW UNDERWEAR**

We hired an acrobat and a cameraman to show you no matter how you throw your body around —you'll be comfortable in Arrow Underwear.

Arrow Shorts, with the patented *Seamless Crotch*, will never chafe, bind or "creep up" on you. The seam in the crotch has been put where it may never again cause discomfort. Arrow Shorts keep their fit because they're *Sanforized Shrinked*.

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# ARROW UNDERWEAR

*Perfect fit guaranteed*

Made by the makers of ARROW SHIRTS





# That Earlier American Legion

(Continued from page 43)

The only obligations were to inform the secretary of change of address, to pay twenty-five cents a year and to serve the Government at need. No drill, no arming, no assemblage, no organization into units. (The "rough rider" idea had been dropped entirely.) It created nothing. It merely made instantly available to the Government resources already existing; merely did, beforehand, what the Government itself would have to do after a declaration of war.

Besides its Council the organization included five directors, a secretary, a treasurer and several hundred voting Advisory Members distributed among all the States. It issued certificates of enrolment and a button, a red circle enclosing a blue star on a white field. Incorporation under the laws of New York was granted March 4, 1915, after delay by a technicality, Julien T. Davies, Jr., Arthur S. Hoffman, E. Ormonde Power, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Alexander M. White, incorporators; election of officers and adoption of by-laws not till ten days after its public announcement—the speed pressure of the actual launching had been too great to stop for technicalities.

From the perspective of the present the Legion's program seems entirely innocuous. Newspaper files of the day show that it bred a small national riot. "Teddy" was promptly and loudly accused of raising a division to lead to the front. Politics made the issue its own. The pacifists were anything but pacific toward the Legion. It was suspected of this and of that. Meanwhile it grew steadily; the papers spoke of an ultimate enrolment of up to 500,000.

But, from the first, the Wilson Administration had been out to kill. Secretary of War Garrison's "rebuke" of General Wood had been mild enough—we felt that the Secretary had acted unwillingly under pressure from above. But it called off those of General Wood's staff who had been so ably helping. I saw Commander Crank open the wire from Secretary of the Navy Daniels that crisply ordered him off the scene. Captain Evans of the Marines vanished perforce. Certainly there was no encouragement or assistance or even forbearance from the Administration for those who were doing for it a common-sense thing it should itself have done long before. On the contrary, it became clear that it would not even accept the results of the Legion's work.

Certain of the directors decided it was a losing battle. It was through them or their friends that such small financial aid as the Legion needed for running expenses was secured. More important, for money could have been raised, withdrawal and admission of defeat by any part of the directorate would have been a serious blow to publicity. I still think the battle could have been fought and won, but after the

initial work of launching I had been neatly relegated to the job of listening to the echoes of my own protesting voice.

The usual internal dissension, the main issue being publicity methods. The majority of the board were for the cold and distant methods of the banks and Wall Street of the day. Admitting the absolute need of dignity, it seemed to me that our appeal for members was essentially a human appeal if ever there was one and that we could go farthest by using it. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., held the same general view. We were a minority.

Dissatisfaction with the cold, ultra-conservative banking methods grew up among the Advisory Members throughout the country and at the first signs of retreat they made themselves heard. But to attack after a retreat has been sounded is not so easy. At a meeting in New York, May 21, 1915, Power was dropped from the presidency, but White succeeded him. Davies, because of ill health, had resigned from the board and Roy D. Jones of Boston, vigorous and enthusiastic, became vice-president. Dr. Hausmann was made a director, continuing as secretary. Nelson Lloyd succeeded Henry Rogers Winthrop as treasurer and both were made directors. C. H. Frost, Frederick Trevor Hill, William T. Hornaday, Samuel Wesley Long, Regis Henri Post, Courtland Smith and Henry Collins Walsh were added to the directors.

But the toboggan had already started down hill. The tremendous initial burst of publicity had not been followed up as it should have been; enrolment continued but the big chance was gone. Funds were low and there was constant pressure from within to drop the attempt on the ground that Government sanction and assistance were necessary.

But drop it where? For something like a year and a half, that was the question. The Government refused even to accept the Legion's carefully classified and cross-indexed records of the nearly 24,000 men it had enrolled. To save them, after the Legion had finally ceased to operate, I made room at *Adventure's* offices for the huge wooden packing-cases containing them. And so the American Legion came home again.

There the records stayed while further attempts were made to get the War Department to accept, if only in storage, records that would be of indisputable value to that Department in case there should be one of those wars for which said Department was supposed to exist. There was, during 1915 and 1916, if you will remember, quite a possibility that we might encounter one of those wars.

Finally events proved too much for even the Wilson Administration and, among other things, there came into being the Council for National Defense. Here was a chance for the Legion and a graceful chance

for Secretary Baker to pursue a logical course. In December, 1916, nearly two years after the Legion was born, with solemn politeness on both sides, it was finally arranged that the Legion records should be turned over to the Council for National Defense.

So someone came and carted away the packing-cases that had been gathering dust in the back corners of the quarters of a popular fiction magazine. That is, all the card-indexes and classified files were taken away. There were several cases containing only the original applications of members, mostly hand-written, from which the indexing and classifying had been done. These, being too much in the raw state, were not wanted and I hung on to them.

There is an aftermath. It seems we did get into a war after all. And if you will look the matter up you will find that there was a little hurry and even some confusion when it came to getting ready to do something about it after we had declared that we were at war. Only for a year or so, however, for by that time we almost had a modern army in the field, though I've heard veterans say that if we had been prepared in advance it might have been a bit more convenient and satisfactory for the men at the front in this detail or in that—clothing, food, general equipment, trained officers, smoothness of organization and such.

Well, during that slight hurry and confusion, the only direct look-ins I had on the part played by those records of the defunct American Legion are these: First, a friend who had served in the personnel bureau or whatever at Washington told me that at one time there were three or four different Bureaus working on the duplicate sets of Legion records, while several more Bureaus stood in line waiting, not having anything else to work on. Second, one day Captain Evans called me up to ask whether there were still any of the Legion records at my office. I told him only the raw material. "Fine," said he. "A truck'll be down there in a few minutes." It was, with some husky Marines on board, and I said my final goodbye to that other American Legion when they hustled those remaining packing-cases on to the freight-elevator.

As to the name? The old American Legion being still legally in existence, a formality was necessary. In May, 1919, I was one of the five incorporators who gladly gave written consent to the transfer of the name to the present American Legion. I believe the old Legion has since been legally disincorporated.

But there was a pleasant sequel. In June, 1920, came a letter from Dr. Richard Derby, of Oyster Bay, enclosing copy of a letter of May 5th from Lemuel Bolles, National Adjutant of the Legion, stating that at their last meeting the National Executive Committee had authorized a



committee of three to convey to me the thanks and appreciation of The American Legion for permission to use the name. A courtesy much valued by me—the more so because I thought I sensed the hand of someone, possibly Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who was familiar with the history of the old Legion and knew that, however little I was responsible for what practical success it attained, there had been a period when most of its birth-pangs were supplied by me.

\* \* \* \*

As a closing thought, just how much of that old Legion's work is being done in the United States today with the world again nervous on the edge of war? And what could The American Legion do about it?

THE END

IT WAS intensely interesting to me to read in April Legion Monthly "The Story of the Roosevelt Division," by Major General J. G. Harbord. In my opinion, however, the story is incomplete without the letter which those of us received who would have served under him.

I saw Roosevelt in Santiago; I met him in Panama, so that when he planned his volunteer division my services were at his disposal, and I, like all those who would have served, know that the history of the action of that Division would have been the outstanding event of the A. E. F. The letter follows:

"You have doubtless seen the President's announcement wherein he refused to make use of the Volunteer Forces which Congress had authorized him to permit me to raise. "Prior to this announcement by the President, I had sent him a telegram as follows:

"I respectfully ask permission immediately to raise two divisions for immediate service at the front under the bill which has just become law and hold myself ready to raise four divisions if you so direct. I respectfully refer for details to my last letters to the Secretary of War. If granted permission I earnestly ask that Captain Frank McCoy be directed to report to me at once. Minister Fletcher has written me that he is willing. Also if permission to raise the divisions is granted I would like to come to Washington as soon as the War Department is willing so that I may find what supplies are available and at once direct the regular officers who are chosen for brigade and regimental commands how and where to get to work."

"To this the President answered as follows:

"I very much regret that I cannot comply with the request in your telegram of yesterday. The reasons I have stated in a public statement made this morning and I need not assure you that my conclusions were based entirely upon imperative considerations of public policy and not upon personal or private choice."

"Accordingly, I communicated with as many of the men who had agreed to raise units for service (Continued on page 46)

JULY, 1934

NO WONDER YOUR RAZOR  
PULLS LIKE A GUY-ROPE  
YOUR WHISKERS ARE AS  
WATERPROOF AS A  
DUCK'S BACK.  
DE-WATERPROOF<sup>EM</sup>  
WITH COLGATE'S—IT  
MAKES SHAVING A  
CINCH FOR 25 ¢



All men's whiskers have one thing in common—they're waterproof. Yes, every whisker is encased in a waterproof jacket of oil . . . and that jacket is what makes whiskers hard to cut. Once you strip that waterproof coating completely off each and every whisker, shaving becomes an easier task.



But . . . most shaving creams can't remove *all* the waterproofing. They froth into big-bubble lather . . . and you can't get enough of those big bubbles close to a thing as small as a whisker.



Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream doesn't make a big-bubble lather. It whips up into myriads of tiny, *little* bubbles that crowd close around every whisker.



They strip away every last trace of waterproofing from every single whisker. They *emulsify* the oil . . . float it away. Then these tiny bubbles seep into each whisker . . . soak it *soft* . . . make it cut as easy as asparagus tips. Try Colgate's. See for yourself what an easier, smoother shave you get. The large size tube is now only 25c.

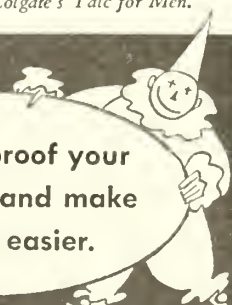
P. S. For the last word in shaving luxury, finish your Colgate shave with Colgate's After-Shave Lotion and Colgate's Talc for Men.

LARGE SIZE TUBE

NOW  
ONLY  
25¢

COLGATE'S  
RAPID-SHAVE  
CREAM

De-waterproof your  
whiskers—and make  
shaving easier.





# *That Earlier American Legion*

(Continued from page 45)

in this division as possible and after consultation with about twenty of them I issued a statement which was made public through the press.

"I now release you and all your men. I wish to express my deep sense of obligation to you and all those who had volunteered under and in connection with this division.

"As you doubtless know, I am very proud of the Rough Riders, the First Volunteer Cavalry, with whom I served in the Spanish-American War. I believe it is a just and truthful statement of the facts when I say that this regiment did as well as any of the admirable regular regiments with which it served in the Santiago campaign. It was raised, armed, equipped,

drilled, mounted, dismounted, kept two weeks aboard transports and put through two victorious aggressive fights in which it lost one-third of the officers and one-fifth of the men, all within sixty days from the time I received my commission.

"If the President had permitted me to raise the four divisions I am certain that they would have equaled this record, only on a hundred-fold larger scale. They would have all been on the firing line before or shortly after the draft army had begun to assemble; and moreover they could have been indefinitely reinforced so that they would have grown continually stronger and more efficient.

"I regret from the standpoint of the country that your services were not

utilized. But the country has every reason to be proud of the zeal, patriotism and businesslike efficiency with which you came forward.

"With all good wishes,

"Faithfully yours

(Signed) "THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

The above is a copy of the original letter which I received and which I am proud to keep in my files, and dream of the service which I might have had under the Great American Leader.

WM. A. SCHWAB,

Lt. Colonel Fin., O.R.C.

(Santiago, Philippines and France)

Post 36, Dept. of Maryland,

The American Legion

# *When the Job Seeks the Man*

(Continued from page 1)

Certain kinds, or certain groups of people, are more predictable than others. Highly intelligent men run *less* true to form than do the unintelligent. If everybody in a college were an outstanding genius, then perhaps there would be no point to having a personnel department. For a genius does not fall into a mold; he is always an individual and there is never any telling what he may do next. But if a man is mediocre, his traits become fairly well set rather early in life and he may be expected to be in future the same kind of person he has been previously. When a man doesn't thrive in school but later makes a big success of his life, the chances are he had too much intelligence, as well as too much individuality, to be happy in an early environment he found unsatisfactory; he was successful only after he created an environment to suit himself. But the man who is unsuccessful in school or college as a direct result of fundamental stupidity will probably be a mediocre person all his life.

At Purdue University, where the personnel department, under the direction of J. E. Walters, is one of the best in the country, they have been trying to determine by careful compilation of various tests and records, whether it is an advantage to be born in city, town or country. While the differences are slight, city students year after year have made better intelligence and scholastic records than small town students; likewise, small town students have made a better showing than those from the country. This doesn't mean that a country boy selected at random is any less intelligent than another boy reared in the city. It does mean that 1,000 country boys would not be expected to show as high an *average* record of achievement as 1,000 city boys. The explanation is prob-

ably that city life offers more human contacts, more opportunities to exchange ideas, and therefore more occasions to alter one's opinions, than if one were in the country. In other words, while the country has many decided advantages, the city may be a better place in which to develop ability to make a quick turnover of one's mental inventory. These records indicate also that a country boy is usually a trifle more predictable than a city boy. He is more likely than a city boy to strike about the same level of achievement in his senior year as he did in his freshman year. In a way, this is an advantage to a country boy from the point of view of an employer. Always striving to avoid needless hiring and firing, an employer likes to engage a man who may be counted on to be always the type he now appears to be.

Sons of college-bred parents are somewhat less predictable than sons of parents who never had college training. Here the explanation may be that parents who had benefits of college education presumably have a taste for reading and discussion, and can change their minds readily when new evidence on any subject makes a different opinion seem justified. Children growing up in such an atmosphere may absorb this spirit of open-mindedness. Putting it another way, children of college-bred fathers and mothers are probably less likely than other children to grow up and be Democrats, Republicans, or Presbyterians solely because their parents were.

At Purdue—and similar compilations are made in various other universities—records are kept of the opinions regarding each student by several of his acquaintances, teachers, and others, as well as his own opinion of himself, as to the following personality traits: Address and manner,

attitude toward his work, character, co-operative ability, disposition, industry, initiative, judgment, leadership, native ability. These opinions are tabulated on a basis of ten degrees of merit. A rating of two or less is considered poor; three to four is low; five to six is average; seven to eight high; and nine to ten, extraordinary. Almost invariably, a student who is below average in these personality traits is inclined to overestimate himself. That is, he will rate himself considerably higher than his associates do. But the especially keen student knows his own shortcomings and rates himself lower than the estimate of himself made by others.

Largely for the benefit of possible employers, a complete record is made of all students in the senior class regarding scholarship, intelligence tests, student activities, state of health, age, weight, height, and vocational preference.

From sheets containing all these data, a prospective employer may learn about all he needs to know concerning a man without even talking to him. Indeed, a number of men obtained good jobs last year, just on their college records, and never met their employers until after being definitely hired.

I was curious to know what kind of men most employers seem to prefer and recently made inquiry at a number of colleges. Everywhere I learned that employers seldom show much interest in a man rated in the lower half of his class as to scholarship. At a time like this, when there are not enough jobs to go around, the man who—without good reason—throughout his college course receives poor grades may find hard sledding. However, while most employers regard scholarship as the most reliable indication of ability, many employers would rather have a man with a trifle



lower scholarship rating if this is combined with a genuinely attractive personality. This is especially true for certain kinds of work, notably salesmanship. On the other hand, a good record in intelligence tests might not be altogether in a man's favor. If he is intelligent and yet receives uniformly poor grades, the chances are he is lazy.

At Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Frank L. Locke, personnel director, said: "I think there is a general lack of interest on the part of employers in seniors in the lower half of the class. However, a student in the lower half of the class, but possessing unusual personality or other outstanding characteristics, is often favorably considered."

Dr. Theodore T. Bullock, head of the committee on placements for the college of business administration at the University of Nebraska, remarked: "If a boy is in the lower half of his class but possesses a personality of the right type and has an excuse for his poor scholarship—part time employment or interest in athletics and social affairs—he will be considered by at least fifty percent of the employers visiting our colleges."

There is no flat rule, as C. R. Dooley, who does the hiring for the Standard Oil Company, of New York, told me: "You can't judge a man until you know every possible item in the picture. I have in mind one man whose scholarship record was a trifle below average, but investigation showed the reason. He was so busy working his way through college he didn't do himself full justice at his studies. You won't ordinarily go wrong in picking a man who is working his way and yet makes a fairly good showing as to scholarship. One man does poorly because his parents have talked him into a course of study that doesn't interest him. No two cases are alike. I recall talking with two men who had made trips to Europe. One man had had his curiosity aroused, but all the other man had gathered on his trip was an attitude of snobbishness. Speaking generally, I like the man who has shown himself able and willing to pull his own load and who exhibits a healthy interest in other people."

"When you hire a group of men, how accurate are your predictions about their future success?" I asked.

"If you select them carefully, with plenty of information to guide you," replied Mr. Dooley, "your judgment that a group of men are of superior calibre is usually confirmed. Happily, one has more pleasant surprises than disappointments. Occasionally I hire men about whom I am a little uncertain. A few of these turn out to be as good as the best. They were good all the while but I didn't have quite enough information to be sure of this in advance."

In looking over records of the 1931 senior class at Purdue, I noticed one name rated nine out of a possible ten in scholarship, and almost equally high in personality as well as in student activities. Now this item of student (Continued on page 48)

*"A Dime? do you really mean it!"*



EDMUND LOWE . . . famous screen star

*I first met up with Union Leader on a smoking car. The traveler at my elbow loaned me my first pipeful.*

"That's mighty fine Kentucky Burley," I remarked. "Smooth, well cured and mellow. What's the brand?"

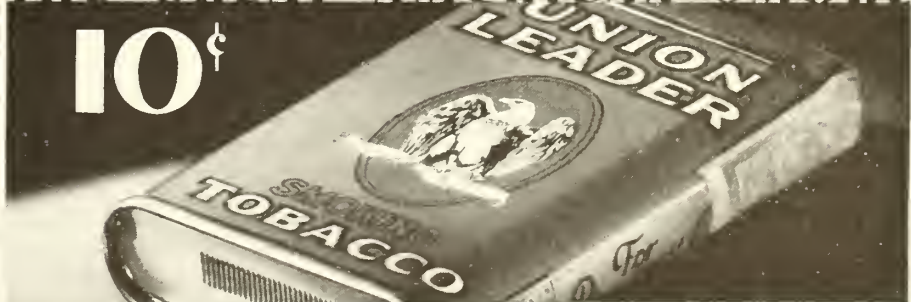
"Union Leader," he replied. "But I hope it won't prejudice

you when I tell you it costs only ten cents for a man's sized tin."

"Prejudice me? Say, I'll accept economy any time . . . when it buys tobacco like that!" (Fine for cigarettes, too.)

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**UNION LEADER**  
THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE





# When the Job Seeks the Man

(Continued from page 47)

activities is important because it indicates that a man is wide-awake, enterprising and willing to take part in the affairs of the world right about him. The student had a good health rating, was six feet tall and weighed 170 pounds. Obviously here was a fine specimen of young manhood, mentally and physically fit. I asked if he had a job. Yes he had his choice of three jobs that came to him without solicitation. A superior man is still certain to get along!

What becomes of men with only a moderate degree of personality, in the lower half of the class?

It appears that the chance for men who have less brilliant records but who nevertheless have acquired fairly good education, lies in routine jobs where stability is of great importance to an employer.

"We always need a few foremen who are

not too ambitious," I heard an employer say. "It is often advantageous to have a man stay on the same job for a long time. If he is too ambitious, always seeking promotion or looking about for something better with another company, we must fill his place with somebody less experienced. A few competent, reliable plodders, without too much ambition, are always a great convenience in a large organization."

One occasional obstacle to a proper meeting of the right man and the right job is that not all big corporations send suitably intelligent men to deal with students. Many of them are employment managers who have worked their way up, and have a feeling of inferiority when they enter a college. They compensate for this by acting superior and talking down to students as if all theoretical knowledge were hopelessly useless. I have in mind one employ-

ment manager who hires both men and women and receives a large salary because he is supposed to be especially clever in picking the right girl for each job. Yet he himself has been married and divorced three times.

Small, seemingly unimportant, items sometimes come between a man and a real opportunity. I heard of a young man of high attainments who was being considered for an important job until the representative of the employer considering him came face to face with him. The young man had a peculiar way of combing his hair that gave him an eccentric appearance and the interviewer immediately felt a prejudice against him. One of his professors heard of this and whispered a word of warning to the young man, who immediately took the hint. He had a wholesome haircut and finally landed a good job.

## Land Hunger

(Continued from page 4)

own stock in the barnyard or corral. Freedom from the worry of the swell and ebb of the industrial tide. Hope, peace and contentment, along with your own rations, fuel and shelter produced by your own efforts. All this is quite different from the slow agony of watching the disintegration of your life savings.

Farm life is not a life of ease, however. Many of us remember our early days on the farm and recall long hours and heavy work during the harvest. But we never knew hunger. Perhaps the modern farmer has been caught up in the late era of specialization and does suffer from the very surplus that he himself helped to create. Subsistence farming creates no surplus and most plans contemplate some part-time employment more on the pattern of early life in New England, when the farmer also worked for a part of the year in the small mills that dotted the streams. And there are actually money crops today in which there has never been a surplus. I used to buy my shotgun shells every fall with the money earned in gathering mushrooms or picking berries. Nuts, water-cress, mint, ferns, moss, small fruits and early sweet-corn find a ready market.

Rural children have their 4-H Clubs, and their baby beef, swine, sheep and poultry furnish them a real profit aside from valuable experience. Perhaps the finest feature of 4-H Club work is the farm accounts. These boys and girls are taught to keep their records in order and they do know exactly what a given project costs them. The county agent is always on the job with advice about agricultural problems; that's his job.

I can look back to my boyhood on a typ-

ical Connecticut hill farm with real pleasure. Most of our people had lived in comparative comfort on the land. Many of our men had marched off down the lane to war and had eventually returned to find things very much as they had left them. Under the old maples and in the sunshine on the south side of the barn, many an old soldier had rested and regained health and contentment because there before him stretched the very acres that were insurance against want and worry.

I LEFT the farm early, just as many youngsters did. The old house burned while I was still in the Rhineland. When I returned I started life again in town. Of course I made good and was very happy to be back again as a civilian with money in my pocket. Almost anybody with even a little of real ambition could make good back there in "the good old days." I took a bit of time out, now and then, for hospital; always returning to the hustle and hurry of industry. I do not suppose I ever really thought about farm life because there were so many other things to think about. People were a little mad, I think, as I look back. The sky was the limit.

The slump arrived and our investments went haywire. We dipped into savings and I worked harder than ever. My position seemed secure enough and I was doing very well. But there came a day when my services were no longer required; the boss had a friend who needed my job. Did I worry? Of course not. What if I was past forty, there would be another job just around the corner. A man who could sell goods could always find a position. That was two years ago and that job is still around the corner.

After discouraging and fruitless efforts to locate, I decided to do a bit of constructive planning myself. Our investments were still frozen tighter than polar ice; I had even borrowed on my insurance. The outlook was far from promising.

I read about this back-to-the-land movement and was interested. It seemed to me that a family located on a farm might have a chance. We talked it over here at home and started out to locate our farm. During these past months I have certainly learned things about agrarian movements and colonization schemes.

One man owned a plantation in Georgia and wanted to develop it into small farms. Another man offered to exchange a small, sandy farm for my property here. I tried to get financed through the Federal Land Bank but, after several weeks' delay, I learned that they could loan a very small sum indeed on the farm. I had no agricultural background, no record of accomplishment, so I suppose I was not a good risk.

Finally the better known periodicals lined up behind this subsistence homestead plan and I got in touch with an author in Washington who certainly furnished me with information while it was still new enough to be of some use. My Senator was also very helpful in securing information. The National Recovery Act was passed and the Subsistence Homestead Division of the Department of the Interior was organized. The best information I could get was that it would probably be several months before they would have complete plans and be ready to proceed. One official even advised me that he was not too well pleased with the progress being made on subsistence homesteads. He was of the opinion that



activity might be delayed even longer than we feared. He was right.

The Department of Agriculture furnished me with very discouraging data on farm costs and income. I read the *Cornell Bulletin* that contained an enlightening account of abandoned farm lands in New York State. One booklet they furnished advised prospective farmers to secure employment on a farm for several months before making any purchase. Sound advice, but farmers were not hiring. I secured information about tax-delinquent lands and property foreclosed by the Federal Land Banks and Joint Stock Land Banks. I recall one communication that furnished the amazing information that "the *New England Homestead* carries advertisements of farms for sale." (I suppose every Yankee knows that.) I collected a mass of information in circulars printed by the Government. Some mimeographed sheets had been originally turned out with somewhat sketchy spelling, later corrected with pen.

While my postman struggled under the load of circulars and catalogs, I drove through Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania in my search for the ideal subsistence farm. I discovered an old brick house beside a beautiful river, surrounded by fifty formerly productive acres. I asked for more Federal Land Bank information and waited more weeks. I had the luck to stumble onto another early American homestead with just a proper acreage, priced so low I was almost afraid of the deal. When I asked about immediate possession, I learned that the owner felt that he must first find a home for his tenant, although he had paid no rent for months. I met some mighty fine people off on the side roads.

Perhaps the very best prospective homesteads I discovered were in my own State of Connecticut, although I found attractive bargains in all the Eastern States. In Pennsylvania I saw an actual subsistence farm in operation. I firmly believe that farmer raised everything he used except sugar and salt, clothing and tools. That farm also had natural gas for light and heat and a brook with the proper flow for power.

During my travels and search for information I discovered that we have 295,000 acres of land here in Connecticut that has slipped back to pasture or wild land. All this land had been cultivated and could be made to produce again. I met many farmers with no surplus problems at all. I remember one veteran who was living very nicely on ten acres with but two money crops, berries and pansy plants.

You must have imagination when searching for abandoned farms. You have to visualize the possibilities, to see the smoke coming out of the chimney, to see stock in the barnyard or corral, to see your fields under crops and the fences cleared out and put in repair. Perhaps one must have an actual passion for the earth, but that is a healthy passion. To my own mind it is the sane way of life. (Continued on page 50)

# HISTORY

## BY THE MEN WHO MADE IT

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# Land Hunger

(Continued from page 49)

Regardless of progress on the national plan, its work has encouraged planning by other interests. Connecticut has the Connecticut Rural Homes Plan drawn up by the State Board of Fisheries and Game. This plan combines the subsistence homestead feature with the utilization of sub-marginal and waste lands for the practice of forestry and game management, with revenue from forest by-products and game and eventually from timber providing the funds for continued part-time employment of people established on the subsistence homesteads. Unlike most of the subsistence homestead plans, the Rural Homes Plan contemplates permanent part-time employment in connection with the sub-

sistence gardens sufficient to make the families entirely self-supporting. No funds are available for this project as yet, although we may secure Federal funds at a later date.

Many of us believe an agrarian plan might be worked out for veterans. We are no longer young and some of us lack the necessary physical qualifications, of course. There are some few people who simply could not exist on the land but there are many others, with a rural background, who would certainly benefit by such a plan and once more become self-supporting and self-respecting individuals.

An investment in such a project would certainly be an investment in humanity.

Instead of doling out billions for public works that are soon completed, why not give men the opportunity to produce their own food in the most natural way? After all, no agricultural people ever created a serious social problem. The real problems are on Main Street.

Have I succeeded in my personal efforts? Only partially. I have plotted my course, however, and I believe in eventual success. At this writing I have at least three prospective farm homes lined up. Somehow, I hope to finance my efforts and get this little American family back on the land we love. In that way we expect to find a new security, new hope and a new joy in living.

## The Captain's Birthday

(Continued from page 11)

He wandered farther and came to a dingier, kindlier region of shabby stores. Suits of incredible brown swung in the breezes. Plump proprietors loitered in doorways, not at all supercilious. One plucked Stookey's arm.

He followed the man inside. The proprietor listened a moment smilingly, was sure he knew just what Stookey wanted, had it. He went bustling back among his shelves. And now the pallid stranger who had been peering at Stookey through the doorway moved quickly alongside.

"Ever indulge in a frien'ly card game, soldier?"

"You mean like poker?"

"Sure thing, poker. I know where there's a session. Some nice fellers. You c'n come back here. Less beat it."

Stookey, still not sure what he wanted to buy, went along. Quickly through an alley. Into a doorway. Up a flight of stairs and into a dingy room. Two youths, also pallid, leaped to their feet. Stookey shook hands with them. They were, indeed, pleasant fellows. A table was cleared and a deck produced. Hands were dealt. Stookey's luck was amazing.

IT WAS Monday, the captain's natal day, and Top Sergeant Menefee, in the orderly room, paced the floor with the nervous tension of a frustrated cougar. The evening train was in and it was high time for Stookey to show up. A step on the porch, the creak of the outer door. Menefee sprang into the hallway. Stookey, travel-worn, was there.

Menefee barked. "Well, back at last!"

"Please, yes, Sergeant. I reckon so."

"Give me that present quick!"

"Please, Sergeant, I ain't got it."

Menefee reeled, stiffened, and turned an interesting shade of purple. He clutched Stookey's arm. "Ain't got the present?"

"No, sir, I sure ain't."

"What happened?" Menefee husked.

"Me, I got enticed into a cyard game. Fust thing I knowed—"

Menefee choked up, seized Stookey. "Tell me!" he glared, moving his fingers.

"Nothin' much to tell, Sergeant. Me, I was a-playin' cyards with them boys and havin' a mighty nice time, too, when all of a sudden the door busted in and there stood a posse of policemen. They tuk all of us to the calaboose. Kept us there and wouldn't tell us nothin'. Well, finally a feller come in and looked us all over and said those boys was crooks that had done fleeced him once. So the police let me go."

"The captain's present!"

"Now please, Sergeant, I didn't have no more time left. I caught me a train and here I be."

Menefee fought a good fight and kept himself from murder. This hill-billy! This, then, journey's end for his clever plan!

"So you got robbed?" he snarled.

Stookey frowned. "Why, please no, Sergeant, nobody robbed me. I was right lucky in that cyard game. Me, I run that eighty-eight dollars to one hundred and forty dollars before the cops come in."

Menefee's eyes bulged. This presented a new angle. A chance, after all. He thought fast. Outside he heard a whistle blow and a clamor arise as the hungry horde rushed to the mess hall. He would have to be going there soon to take charge. Action!

"Give me that money," he snapped to Stookey. The captain's present, then, would have to be cash; there were worse gifts. Sergeant Menefee would make the best of it. Stookey, obedient to the command, knelt on the floor and started unwinding his bulging left puttee.

Company Clerk Otis came briskly into the room, jauntily even—a smile on his usually impassive countenance. He held a paper.

"I'm just from regimental headquarters," he chirped gaily to Menefee. "Here's something for you, Sergeant. Oh, no, it has nothing to do with officers' school, nothing whatsoever. But, Sergeant, it has a great deal to do with the isolation camp. You'll be interested—they've found that you're a carrier of diphtheria. You'll have to be leaving us. Ah, there's the ambulance now to take you away."

Menefee snatched the paper. It was his commitment order. Medical Corps men stood in the doorway. The medical sergeant was grinning. Menefee gritted his teeth at him in a way that froze the man's blood, started packing his belongings quickly. He went out silently and humped himself into the waiting ambulance. The men of the company gathered wonderingly to watch. The ambulance drove off.

MESS was over. Otis got the floor. "Just a minute, boys, we have a surprise for the captain." He hauled Stookey to his feet. The men stirred with excitement.

Stookey swayed in this wild moment of unimagined temerity while the men of his squad called encouragement. He walked over to the head table.

"Please, Captain, sir," he began, "the boys chipped in to buy you a birthday present. The sergeant sent me to the city to git it. Well, Captain, I was fixin' to do real handsome by you when they clapped me in jail and that sorta interfered. But me, I done my best, Captain. I got to playin' cyards with some of them city boys and I run that eighty-eight dollars clean up to a hundred and forty. Please, Captain, here it is." He handed over the moist roll as the company burred with glee.

Captain Montgomery surveyed the money gravely. He sized up Stookey with new interest.



"Well, this really is a surprise," he admitted. "But the truly pertinent fact is that it isn't my birthday. I wondered what Sergeant Menefee was up to. I think I understand now. That day in the orderly room when we were discussing insurance he must have looked at my papers and got the date when my age changed instead of the date I was born. An easy mistake to make, after all. Of course I can't keep this money. I'll put it back in the company fund for more blow-outs like this." The

company applauded vigorously. The captain glanced at Stookey. "Seems sort of a shame for all the sergeant's scheming to go for nothing. Isn't there anything you want, Stookey?"

Stookey gulped. "No, sir, Captain, but there's something I don't want. Me, I don't want to git transferred."

The men yelled their approval of his simple plea. Captain Montgomery smiled. Stookey walked back and sat among his squad.

## Looking Ahead to Miami

(Continued from page 27)

people as a whole and that if they had thoroughly understood the principles involved and the facts applicable to them, such tragedy would not have happened.

"Today, we have a different story to tell and can feel a justifiable pride that our efforts were directed along a sound course by a campaign of education. In all the years of our existence we have been right in every measure we have supported and in this emergency we kept our record clear and pointed our compass along the same way. We have gained the harbor where the major wrongs have been righted."

Mr. Kelly recounted that not only have three of the points of the Legion's Four Point Program been embodied into law but also that the other major objectives of the Legion's legislative program—national defense and the Universal Draft Act—have been far advanced. He pointed to the Vinson Naval Bill and other measures which will permit the Navy finally to be built up to the strength provided for by the London Treaty. He stated, however, that the Army has not yet been built up to the limits requested by the Chicago convention, but that vital impetus had been given to the Legion's fight for a Universal Draft Act by the passage of the Nye-Vandenburg Resolution. This created a committee of seven Senators to investigate the profits of munition makers and to review the findings of the War Policies Commission which two years ago made a favorable report along the lines advocated by the Legion.

The National Executive Committee heard the reports of Wilder S. Metcalf, Chairman of the National Finance Committee; Milt D. Campbell, Chairman of the National Child Welfare Committee; General Amos A. Fries, Chairman of the National Defense Committee; Ed W. Caruth, Chairman of the National Emblem Committee; John Lewis Smith, Chairman of the National Source Records Commission; Paul H. Griffith, Chairman of the National Americanism Commission; Charles F. Ely, Chairman of the National Law and Order Committee; H. Nelson Jackson, Chairman of the World Peace and Foreign Relations Committee, James F. Barton, General Manager of The American Legion Monthly, and others.

Elated because the Legion's program for the disabled service man had met with early success and because the fine membership gain insured the organization's strength in its other major objectives for 1934, the committee devoted much attention to the problems of national defense and some time to international relations. General Amos Fries, reporting for the National Defense Committee, summarized the provisions which Congress has made for bringing the Army and Navy up to new strength and emphasized the importance of continued vigilance to counteract the activities of extreme pacifists and dangerous subversive groups who have been striving to break down the traditional spirit of the nation and destroy the country's facilities for defending itself. General Fries described subversive activities in schools and colleges and among women's organizations by groups which are blinded to the real facts about America's moderate preparedness.

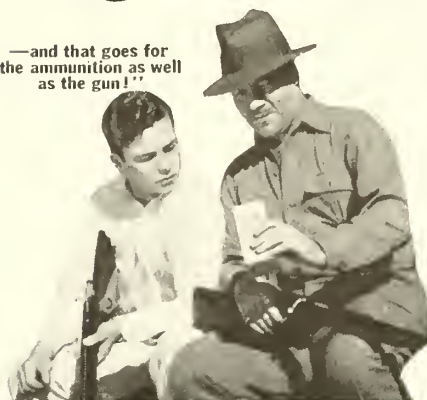
"I have before me the relative standings of the United States and other countries of the world," said General Fries. "Our Army stands eighteenth on the list of armies. An interesting thing that you may not know is the composition of law and order officers in our country. Of guards, watchmen and doorkeepers we have 147,000 in this country; of marshals, sheriffs and detectives, 39,000; of policemen, not including policewomen or state forces, we have 130,000. In other words, we have more police officers in the United States than we have members of the Regular Army, officers and enlisted men combined."

General Fries declared that the campaign against national defense, against patriotism, against love of country, is being supported by the great national foundations or endowment funds. He said that 103 of these which replied to inquiries possess a capitalization of more than \$770,000,000, and he reviewed activities of many of them directed against the R. O. T. C. and the C. M. T. C. and other military training. General Fries also described the movement to induce citizens to subscribe to a pledge against participation in the country's defense in case of war.

The report of the Legion's World Peace and (Continued on page 52)

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AMMUNITION



# Looking Ahead to Miami

(Continued from page 51)

Foreign Relations Committee emphasized the importance of the 1934 international congress of Fidac to be held in London, September 23d to 30th, and nominated the following delegates who were approved by the National Executive Committee: Louis Johnson, West Virginia; Julia Wheelock, Italy; Charles Hann, Jr., New York City; Reverend Robert J. White, Massachusetts; General L. R. Gignilliat, Indiana; Bird Rees, New York; Albert Belliveau, Maine; Albert L. McLain, Ohio; Nathaniel Spear, Jr., Pennsylvania; Thomas W. Miller, Delaware; Miss Alice S. Gray, North Carolina; John D. Howe, California; Otis S. Powell, New York; Gustave Porges, New York; Charles L. Woolley, Rhode Island; A. Piatt Andrew, Massachusetts; Leonard P. Ayres, Ohio; Wallace Williams, Maryland; George A. White, Oregon; Frank N. Brooks, Washington; Edward H. McCrahon, Maryland, and H. Nelson Jackson, Vermont.

The American delegation to the London congress will be headed by Louis Johnson, Past National Commander, who is American Vice President of Fidac for 1933-34. Upon nomination of the World Peace and Foreign Relations Committee, the National Executive Committee elected Reverend Robert J. White, of Massachusetts, National Chaplain, as American Vice President of Fidac for 1934-35. Especial interest was given to Reverend Father White's election by the fact that he drafted a resolution, adopted unanimously by the committee, stating The American Legion's attitude on the related problems of national defense and world peace.

Other important developments of the National Executive Committee were as follows:

1. The report of Wilder S. Metcalf, chairman of the National Finance Committee, showed that the Legion has total assets of \$1,669,459.95, not including the securities of The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation to a value of approximately \$5,000,000. Its net worth is \$1,112,445.76, comprised of \$698,090.32 in restricted and reserve funds and surplus of \$413,455.44. The sum of \$125,000 has been spent in the advantageous purchase of a four-story office building at 1608 K Street, N. W., in Washington, D. C., to house the offices of the National Legislative and National Rehabilitation Committees.

2. Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., President of The American Legion Auxiliary, formally presented the Auxiliary's check for \$35,000, of which \$25,000 is to be used for the Legion's rehabilitation work, \$7,000 for child welfare and \$3,000 for Americanism activities. Mrs. Biester reported that the Auxiliary had increased its membership forty percent over the corresponding date of the year before. Sam Heller, national head of the Forty and Eight, reported his organization had been supplying funds to

the Legion's Child Welfare Division to the extent of \$1,500 monthly. He described the Forty and Eight's national program of diphtheria immunization which has been everywhere successful.

3. Milt D. Campbell, chairman of the Child Welfare Committee, reported a great increase in child welfare work in the last five years and stated that indescribable hardship would have resulted to families throughout the country if the Legion had not given assistance when meagre governmental payments were taken away by the Economy Act. He described progress being made in the States to obtain legislative enactment of the Legion's "minimum program" of child welfare measures.

4. Charles F. Ely of Massachusetts, reporting for the Law and Order Committee, described efforts his committee had made to promote better co-ordination between federal, state and local law enforcement agencies. The report advocated better instruction for law enforcement agencies, removal of political influence in appointments and tenure of officers, restriction of sale and possession of machine guns and lethal weapons, the extension of federal jurisdiction over transitory criminals, the extension of radio and other modern facilities for law enforcement officers, opposition to paroles of hardened criminals, the enlargement of federal enforcement agencies and a study of needed reforms in criminal legal procedure. The report also recommended a program of closer co-operation between the Legion and law enforcement agencies, particularly in a campaign of education and through open meetings.

5. Ed W. Carruth of Kansas, as chairman of the National Emblem Committee, reported that the Emblem Division of National Headquarters had closed the year 1933 with a net profit of \$32,254.35, and that in the first three months of 1934 gross sales had increased 69 percent over 1933. For thirteen years, he said, gross sales had amounted to \$3,983,283.68 and net profit, \$674,292.38. Action was postponed until the National Executive Committee meeting in Miami on a proposal that the Emblem Division should make an exclusive contract for supplying uniforms of standard quality and minimum cost to members of all Departments. This proposal, the subject of long study and earlier reports, was debated vigorously by several, including the committeemen from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Minnesota, Departments which have independent arrangements for supplying uniforms to their members.

6. John Lewis Smith of Washington, D. C., reported as chairman of the National Source Records Commission that a reduction of 33.3 percent had been made in 1933 in the operating expenses in connection

with the sale of the Legion's Official Source Records, that the Legion had received revenue of \$19,545.80 from the sale of the books in 1933 and a total of \$79,271.65 since 1930. He described plans for the marketing of a four-volume set of source records of the post-war period.

7. Paul H. Griffith, chairman of the National Americanism Commission, presented a report which recommended that all Departments conduct an active campaign to stimulate a study of the Constitution and the rights, benefits and privileges guaranteed by it. The report also expressed confidence in continued stringent immigration restriction laws and laws calling for the expulsion of radicals advocating the revolutionary overthrow of our system of government; expressed appreciation of unselfishly-American groups which have been fighting radical communists and pacifists; pledged continued support to the National Education Association in its efforts to protect the rights of education which have been jeopardized by economy measures and called for extension of school award activities, citizenship schools for the foreign-born and activities on behalf of youth. The report laid especial emphasis on the need for continued community betterment activities as a means of preserving public support and sympathy for The American Legion.

8. H. Weir Cook of Indiana, director of the National Aeronautics Commission, described the commission's work in carrying out the Chicago national convention's mandates for a redefinition of the military aircraft policy of the United States and emphasized that the commission had remained neutral during the recent controversies concerning aviation. He said boys from every State are expected to take part in the commission's model airplane contest to be held in Indianapolis in the autumn. He described efforts to set up a system of federal emergency landing fields sponsored by American Legion posts, an effort so far incomplete because of confusion resulting from transfer of control from one governmental agency to another.

9. James F. Barton, General Manager of The American Legion Monthly, reported that The Legion Publishing Corporation is in a sound financial condition, and that its Board of Directors has authorized the payment to The American Legion of a dividend of \$75,000, which sum has been turned over to the National Treasurer of The American Legion.

10. Edward McGinnis, Commander of the Cook County Council of Illinois, announced that June 30th will be American Legion Day at the Chicago World's Fair and Legionnaires from Illinois and surrounding States will take part in an extended program. He announced also that Legionnaires from all States of the West and Northwest will be welcomed at the



World's Fair on their way to the national convention in Miami. The American Legion will have as headquarters in the World's Fair this summer, Mr. McGinnis said, a building given by material dealers and The Century of Progress.

The National Historian, Thomas M. Owen, Jr., delivered a report of progress on such activities as history contests, badge collections, collection of material pertaining to war memorials and collection of American Legion music.

As a part of the report on Fidac, Louis Johnson, Vice President of Fidac for the United States, presented a message of greetings from Dr. Victor Cadere, Fidac President.

Plans for entertaining Legionnaires at the national convention in Miami next October, were elaborated upon by Charles A. Mills, Executive Vice-President of The American Legion 1934 Convention Corporation.

Resolutions, adopted by the National Executive Committee upon presentation by B. W. Gearhart of California, Chairman of the Resolutions Sub-committee, included a declaration in favor of making Armistice Day a national legal holiday, a request for

enlargement of veterans preference provisions on government employment projects, and a mandate requiring the use of the official Manual of Ceremonies.

**H**ISTORIANS of generations hence will muse over the 521 pages of type-writing which make up the stenographic record of what was said and done at this May meeting of the Legion's National Executive Committee in the year 1934. They will sense as they read formal reports and impromptu remarks that the Legion in that year was in the full vigor of maturity, an organization just arriving upon the stage of its greatest usefulness. They will know that as a deliberative body the Legion's governing body between conventions compared favorably with any legislative assembly in this country.

Uniformly the States have been sending to these meetings year after year Legionnaires who stand out as men of sound judgment and social conscience. They are as representative of the Legion as the Legion is representative of the country. Because they are sound, the Legion is sound. They have charted the course for the next five months. On to Miami!

## THE LEGION SPEAKS ON WAR AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

**T**HE AMERICAN LEGION views with deep concern the growth of opinion as voiced in the press, current magazines and interviews of the likelihood of an impending war.

The Legion is also aware of an increased and intense public interest in the profits and the alleged intrigues of munition manufacturers in fomenting war, as evidenced in recent publications culminating in the present Congressional investigation.

The American Legion is best equipped of all organizations in the nation to discourage the opinion that war is inevitable. And it is best equipped to point out to American youth that war is not a romantic adventure, but rather a horrible tragedy.

The Legion reaffirms its position in favor of an adequate national defense. It reaffirms as well its belief in individual duty to bear arms in time of war.

The Legion pledges its utmost support to combat this growing belief that war is inevitable.

The Legion now reaffirms its demand of many years for the enactment of the Universal Draft Law, which in the event of war would conscript all of the resources of the nation without profit to anyone. The Legion again appeals to the public and particularly to the youth of America for public support for this measure, believing that a real devotion to a frank and friendly understanding between the nations, an adequate preparedness plus the Universal Draft Law, taking profit out of war, would furnish the surest guarantee of a lasting peace for the American nation.



Rev. Robert J. White

**T**HE National Executive Committee adopted the above resolution unanimously at its meeting in Indianapolis on May 4, 1934. It possesses especial significance because it was drafted by Reverend Robert J. White of Massachusetts, National Chaplain of The American Legion, who was elected by the committee American Vice President of Fidac for the year 1934-35. Father White, who is Professor of Criminal Law and Ethics in Catholic University at Washington, D. C., will succeed Past National Commander Louis Johnson, American Vice President for Fidac for 1933-34, who will head The American Legion's delegation to the London Congress of Fidac, September 23 to 30, 1934.

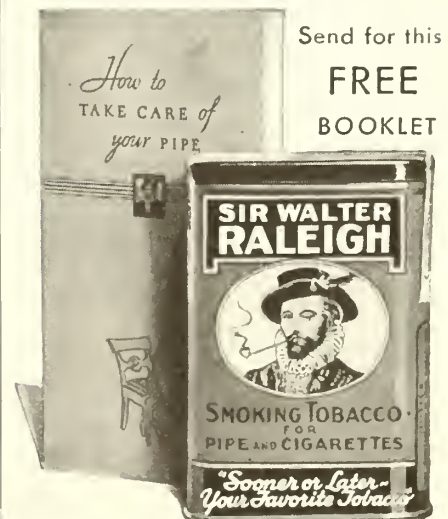
"I PREFER THE  
MOSQUITOES,  
DEAR!"



**H**E lit that pipe to drive away the gnats. But the sweet young thing wisely decided she'd rather be somewhat bitten than completely asphyxiated. Even a Roman's nose would wrinkle at the fumes of rank tobacco issuing from that long neglected smokestack.

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# Hell and Hamel

(Continued from page 17)

hills, red-crofted villages nestling amid green trees, waving fields of grain. But there was no beauty in our hearts.

And Cardonette was quite typical. We mounted a hill and looked down. There lay Cardonette and the Australians. Adventure lay before us all right, but not as we had pictured. Our hearts were heavy.

As we swung down into the valley we thought we heard a cheer. We did. We thought we saw soldiers come running to greet us. We did. Soldiers with wide brimmed campaign hats, one side of the brim pinned up jauntily by the Anzac insignia. A slight thrill rippled through us. So these were the Australians!

The road dipped lower and we soon were alongside them. Their hats were off. They were singing, yelling, cheering.

"Aye, diggah! We're goin' ovah with yeou blokes!"

"Aye, Yahnks!"

"Well, blime, wot a prime lot!"

They came on to greet us, hats waving, roaring, swearing, staggering, swaying. Drunk as a lord . . . to a man!

Almost instantly by the alchemy of camaraderie our misgivings vanished. Our legs, wearied by hours of marching, found new strength. We swung along with new spirit. We laughed, we yelled in return. We accepted and gave back rousing slaps on the back. These were veteran fighters with a reputation for conduct in action second to none. And they had accepted us as blood brothers!

Gone were our fears of ignominy and shame, of loneliness and lost tradition. Gone were our doubts and suspicions; the thought of going into battle with these gallant fellows elated us. The formal transfer of the men of the Dandy First to the 43d battalion, A. I. F., took place next day, but in spirit, in reality we were already of their number. In an hour we were as drunk as they were.

OF COURSE I am speaking only of our company and the manner in which we were received by the Australians of the 43d Battalion. But I have no doubt that the three other companies of Americans who were amalgamated with the A. I. F. were accorded like receptions.

On Monday, July 1st, we were assigned to definite companies and went out to engage in a short tactical drill period with our new comrades. The Aussies were not much on discipline. They were fighters, not parade ground soldiers, and their methods were simplicity itself. Their system, as ultimately is every other military system in battle, is dependent upon instinctively coordinated attack and rugged individualism and, having beaucoup instinct and individualism, they wasted little time on formal drill.

What they had to offer us Yanks, we snapped up quickly. They were confident

without cockiness—and confidence, like panic, is contagious.

And while we were thus becoming happily Australicized, events in the various headquarters were slowly shaping themselves. Other units of the 33d Division were moving forward. Then suddenly something happened; the forward movement was halted. We in Cardonette were unaware of this reverse order. We thought that our transfer to the Australians was permanent.

And there was no doubt as to what our Australian hosts thought. Their attitude was driven home rather sharply on the morning of July 2d.

CARDONETTE is like a hundred other Picardy villages. The stone houses, cobbled streets, cozy estaminets; the surrounding trees and fields bright with the lush green of summer. On that morning we assembled informally in a pretty little pasture in the rear of an old stone house.

An Australian officer, hatless, stood up to address us. Except for a row of pup-tents in which we were quartered, the scene might have been a pastoral by Millet. A cobalt sky, blossoming gardens, the vivid green of the pasture.

The Aussie faced us, his back to the house. He was a clean cut chap not over thirty, handsome in a soldierly way. He had a small black mustache and soft, dark eyes. His features were set with that look of wearied determination worn by every British officer we saw that summer. As he commenced to speak a ray of hope softened his expression. And we knew that we were that hope, the hope of the allied cause.

"I just want to speak a few words of welcome to you Americans and tell you something of the stunt in which we shall participate together."

He spoke in a calm, passive tone, rich with an accent that, while decidedly British, was of that distinct twang that marks the son of the Antipodes. And his speech so impressed me that, although sixteen years have elapsed, it comes back to me today in sharper detail than even the stirring events that it presaged.

"It is indeed rather fortunate that we have been chosen to operate together," he went on, "for in a sense we are much alike. We speak a common tongue; many of you are Anglo-Saxon in origin and we both spring from pioneering stock. Life in America and life in Australia in many respects is quite similar. Indeed, we have much in common."

And as he spoke he left no doubt as to what he thought about our destiny as soldiers for the allied cause. Had Pershing heard him he would have had additional cause to remark, "We had to fight against it continually." His opening remarks offered consolation and congratulations to both American and Australian. We might

have been, was his inference, transferred to a French regiment; they might have received replacements from a source far more alien to their traditions and customs.

Thus he confirmed our common suspicions that we were permanently assigned to his battalion.

He then went into battle plans as casually as though he were explaining details of a Fourth of July celebration in Dubuque, Iowa. I shall never forget them as long as I live. It was the first and last time I ever heard anything official about a movement, trench occupation, or battle in which our regiment took part.

"Our job is to knock out a small salient and capture the village of Hamel."

"This afternoon we will move up to a resting place on the Somme, where we will bathe and have tea and wait for darkness. We will then go forward to the trenches in small parties to minimize the hazards of casual enemy shelling."

"Just beyond the town of Corbie we will cross to the south bank and proceed on through a small village and into the trenches. We will take cover in the darkness and remain under cover all day tomorrow. Do not show yourselves unless it is absolutely necessary, for the section is under direct observation."

ON THE night of the third we will move up and take our positions at the jumping-off place. It will be carefully marked with tape so that each company will know its exact position. We should be in place shortly after midnight.

"Promptly at three o'clock the artillery will open up with a harassing fire to drown out the sound of approaching tanks. This will continue for eight minutes, concentrating upon enemy wire. At three-eight the barrage proper will commence and play for two minutes. At three-ten it will move forward one hundred yards, advancing a like distance each minute thereafter. We will follow as closely as we can with safety. When we reach the first enemy trench we will start mopping up."

He paused, unaware, I believe, of the excited interest with which we were listening. To us it was a revelation, unbelievable.

"We of the 43d Battalion will be in the first wave," he continued. "When we reach the edge of the village of Hamel we will stop. At that point the 44th Battalion will leap-frog through us and carry on through the village and establish our new front line just beyond. As soon as they have passed us we will start digging a communicating trench from our old front line to Jerry's old front line."

To say that we were astonished is to put it mildly. For more than a year we had been taught the sacredness of battle plans. We heard about X days, zero hours, codes, pass words . . . utmost secrecy was vital once we reached France. And here was an



officer calmly relating the exact details of an attack fully forty hours in advance!

There was less secrecy in his talk than in a modern football coach's announcement of a new play to his third string varsity. If any of the ubiquitous spies of war fiction had been about they would have needed to steal no papers or throttle no adjutant to learn the entire plan of the offensive. But evidently none were present, for the engagement was carried out with such precision as to please even the strictest operations officer.

"Now I want to warn you against proceeding too rapidly," he said in conclusion, "for I'm afraid you'll be like our lads when they first came out here. More of them were killed by our own barrages than by the Boche. Don't be anxious to get at them if you see heads popping up in front. They'll be waiting for you when the barrage lifts."

Again we were astonished, or at least I was. It was the first time I ever heard anyone say that men had been killed by their own barrages. It seemed to me that it was considered a breach of military ethics to admit that a man could be killed by his own weapons.

To say that this straight-from-the-shoulder talk pleased us is to put it lightly. We were amazed, stunned into great admiration for our new comrades.

WE HAD our swim and our tea and started up with nightfall of July 2d. The orange, red and lily-gold pyrotechnics of the front tinted the sky before us as we moved nervously toward our great adventure.

I shall never forget the little Australian corporal beside whom I walked. He was a quiet, dignified insurance clerk from Sydney. British to the core. Not obnoxiously so, as some British were, but thoroughly loyal to the crown. In my youthful eagerness I tried to point out to him the great advantages of independence, liberty, freedom. I was a second Patrick Henry promoting revolution.

"Why don't you break away from England!" I cried. "Why, you could be one of the world's great powers in a few years!"

He glanced at me with calm tolerance and gave me an answer that explains why Britain will always be Britain and the Empire always the Empire.

"We don't want to," he said simply. "She's our mother and we owe her something and she owes us something. Besides, we are practically independent now. About all England gets from us is a favorable trade balance."

Then he proceeded to explain in detail the local self-government of Australia. And as he talked I quite forgot myself, my surroundings, my great adventure, my worries, my fears. Then suddenly—

A blinding flash! A deafening roar! Instinctively I flung myself to the ground, mentally feeling myself all over to learn where I was hit. In terror I clung to the earth. Then a hoarse booming laugh jarred my already shattered nerves.

"Wot ye doin', Yahnk? Diggin' a 'ole wi' yer 'ead?"

"Just alongside one of our aown guns," hastily explained the Sydney corporal, frowning at the Aussie who laughed. "There's a row of 'owitzers 'long 'ere."

Sheepishly I arose and went on. But after that I kept an eye and an ear open for gun emplacements.

As we proceeded leisurely through the artillery zone the thrill I had anticipated at viewing the front became real enough but somehow the amazement, the horror I expected to feel was missing. Even fear, though present in my heart, was greatly abated and I believe that it was all due to the casualness with which my Australian comrades took the proceedings.

They were as indifferent as though the occasion actually was that Fourth of July parade in Dubuque. At times I had to pinch myself to make myself realize that this really was the great western front that for almost four years had been the mecca of my youthful dreams.

Thus was the effect of going in with seasoned troops. Later, even though experienced myself, in merely going in for training I felt much less at ease. The mere presence of the Australians, by some strange metaphysical process had seasoned us at Hamel.

My incipient excitement abated, the best I could do the rest of that night was to wonder at the whir of shells that drifted laconically overhead, the angry crack of desultory machine gun fire, and the glare of some far off coal-box.\* What impressed me most deeply was the apparently lazy movements of the shuttling howitzer shells. I could scarcely wait until daylight came to disprove the Aussie who insisted that the passing shells could not be seen.

The following day passed slowly as had many previous days-before-the-Fourth. We remained in our bivies, mere fox-holes in the trench wall, gazing out at a narrow streak of blue sky.

With nightfall we emerged and started moving up. I was detailed to help build an aid post under the lee of a ridge within spitting distance of the jump-off place.

On that working party another surprise awaited me. Instead of carrying the lumber and material through the narrow, winding trench we walked boldly on top. To me this seemed rank foolhardiness.

Boche machine guns were sweeping the area with intermittent bursts of fire. Shells were dropping not far away. Flares lit up the sky. I was certain that we had been discovered, that all was lost, that in another moment we would be wiped out. Then an Aussie spoke up.

"E's very quiet tonight," he said, as a Maxim cut a wide swath directly overhead, "I think everything'll go fine."

Another illusion graciously shattered.

Thus it was whenever panic would sweep through us. Later at the tape it was the same way. At 1:30 the line was formed. We (Continued on page 56)

\*British for exploding ammunition dump.

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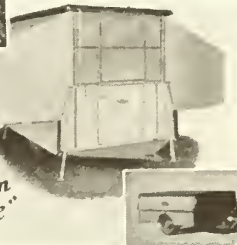
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# Hell and Hamel

(Continued from page 55)

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**THE AMERICAN LEGION**  
**NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS**  
**INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA**

**FINANCIAL STATEMENT**  
April 30, 1934

### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$65,934.58
Notes and accounts receivable	46,593.90
Inventory of emblem merchandise	27,240.17
Invested funds	698,991.32
Permanent investments:	
Legion Publishing Corporation	\$511,220.30
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	177,387.17
Improved real estate	127,731.50
Furniture and fixtures, less depreciation	36,113.96
Deferred charges	16,921.65
	\$1,708,134.55

### Liabilities

Current Liabilities	\$162,687.87
Funds restricted as to use	13,193.81
Mortgage payable	95,000.00
Irrevocable Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	177,387.17
Reserve for investment valuation	103,918.92
	\$552,187.77
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$698,990.32
Unrestricted capital	456,956.46
	\$1,155,946.78
	\$1,708,134.55

**FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant**

hovered under the friendly stars nervous as kittens on a raft. Whenever that well-known nausea struck the pits of our stomachs a word, a gesture, a laugh or a shot of rum reassured us.

So we waited in tense, expectant silence warmed by the fiery liquor with synthetic courage. The constant, rhythmic rumble of guns in counter battery work droned about us. A ring of fireworks on the horizon heralded our glorious Fourth. The cheerful indifference of the Aussies offered a challenge we could not ignore and no doubt our presence stimulated a nonchalance that at heart they did not truly feel.

Meanwhile, back at headquarters hot wires were being exchanged, orders and counter-orders being issued. We were mere allies, boon companions facing a common foe. Back of the line a tense struggle was going on, an echo of the fight for a unified allied command, a throwback of the year-old fight to preserve the identity of the American Army.

On June 30th we had joined the Australians. That same day six other companies of the 131st Infantry moved forward to do likewise. In fact, they actually were assigned to the Fourth and Eleventh Australian Brigades. But suddenly, on July 2d, the day we entered the line, they were ordered withdrawn. On the afternoon of July 3d General Sir Henry Rawlinson, commander of the Fourth British Army, in which the Australian Corps under Sir John Monash was serving, received orders to withdraw all American troops. The order, however, came too late. Battle plans had gone too far to permit our withdrawal without abandoning the attack.

These facts are bare history; what lies behind them has never been fully revealed. It is significant that on July 2d Pershing himself visited 33d Division Headquarters and spoke to the officers of the staff. Is it possible that even then Pershing was not informed that Americans were being used as replacements in Australian battalions? Pershing himself insists that he was not and even asserts that he discussed the matter of using Americans in offensives and that the British agreed to live up to the Abbeville agreement. Then who, oh who did know what was what? Was Pershing alone in his fight, deserted by his subordinates? Or did the British induce all the Americans responsible for our participation at Hamel that we were up there shooting off fire-crackers? Perhaps some general merely decided at the last minute that we were not sufficiently trained to take part in an offensive. Ho, hum!

We in the line, on the tape, were blithely unaware of these rumbling undercurrents of officialdom. We had a battle on our hands, a Fourth of July to celebrate in a manner that was altogether fitting and proper. And even had we known we would most likely have said "Pft!" to the whole

business. We were all set; we were "going over" with the Aussies; we were waiting with the proverbial bated breath for our barrage.

It came . . . and how!

Three A. M.

No preliminary barrage to soften the shock, precise to the second, like the portals of hell suddenly rent asunder! Guns on a four-mile front concentrating upon that little salient. Fourth of July with a vengeance!

They tell me St. Mihiel was quite a fire-cracker and that the September 26th affair (I heard 'em both) was quite a little explosion, but for concentrated TNT I'll take Hamel on the Fourth. A more deafening concatenation of sounds can scarcely be imagined. Tanks coming up at full roar, eighteen-pounders in rapid volleying, howitzers grumbling a stern bass while machine guns shrieked a weird obligato to the symphonic discord.

And all of it right in our laps! Yes, we celebrated the Fourth of July in 1918 all right, the most glorious Fourth any group of Americans anywhere ever celebrated, if noise counts for anything. And according to my boyhood notion it does.

And color, too! Dancing flashes of shell bursts in the already breaking dawn! Flare of the German SOS rockets! Grimly waiting men, etched against a scarlet screen. Officers eyeing synchronized watches. What a picture!

We saw and heard and felt and thought of nothing beyond our little inferno. It was our show; we were the audience, soon we were to be the actors. We were awaiting our first curtain call.

For the time being even the reassuring presence of the Aussies was forgotten. All we knew was that somewhere beyond this grim celebration lay a waiting enemy, an experienced enemy, a wily enemy, an enemy who soon would bite back, who would put on a celebration of his own that would not be all glory and hallelujah for us.

Our waiting ended suddenly. The barrage lifted like a sheet of flame abruptly snuffed out, then glared forth anew a hundred yards beyond. An Aussie officer lifted his arm . . . slowly, cautiously we arose and moved forward.

The battle of Hamel was on!

I'm not going into detail about this engagement. It was a concentrated bit of hell, all right, as were all battles in France for those who participated. I'll merely try to mention in passing a few of the high lights.

For instance . . . the Aussie named Shaw who handled a Lewis gun from the hip like a Western six-gun artist, thus belying the traducers of that weapon . . . the American medical officer who fainted at the first casualty and was kicked beneath the emergency operating table by a disgusted Australian doctor . . . Tom Pope, who won



the Medal of Honor, and eleven other Yanks who won valor awards later presented by King George himself . . . Jack Lee (killed August 9th at Chipilly) who bet an Aussie he'd beat him to a French flag flying over Hamel and lost . . . Chris Keane, whose Irish father was proud of the Military Medal he won at Hamel, but said he'd never forgive Chris for accepting a decoration from the hands of the ——— English King (Chris later traded a leg for a D.S.C. in the Argonne) . . . the British planes that dropped ammunition to us, and the fact that British airmen completely dominated the air during the entire battle.

The battle plans were carried out exactly as the Australian officer had outlined. On the night of the Fourth the Germans counter-attacked and captured several American prisoners. Immediately the Yank-Aussie ensemble staged an impromptu counter-attack and succeeded not only in releasing the captured Yanks but in taking fifty-seven Jerries and three machine guns as well.

By dawn of the fifth the new allied front line was well established. That night we were withdrawn—just three days and one life time's experience after our official withdrawal had been requested.

At noon of the sixth of July we were back in Pierregot and our adventure as members of the Australian Imperial Forces was but a glorious memory.

OUR little experiment offers a fine bit of fabric for conjecture. We had demonstrated beyond all doubt that American troops could be successfully amalgamated with those of our allies. But it is fortunate, however, that the Hamel affair did not serve as a test case.

For it is certain that our experience was by no means typical of what would have happened in case of a general merger of all American combatant troops. As the Australian officer who welcomed us pointed out, we were temperamentally at one with them. Certainly this can be said of no other branch of the allied forces save the Canadian. And badly mixed temperament is anathema to esprit de corps.

Just how we would have fared had we

remained attached to the Australians indefinitely is another undetermined factor. It is just possible that we might have wearied of each other.

Personally I could never countenance such a contingency. And most certainly those British officers who suggested our participation were most sanguine of our future relations.

In fact, we of the 33d Division are proud of the letter Sir Douglas Haig, British Commander-in-Chief, wrote to General Rawlinson conveying his warm congratulations to us for our part in the Hamel stunt.

We are even prouder of the letter Rawlinson wrote to General Bell, commander of our division, in which he thanked him warmly for our efforts, adding:

I hear nothing but praise of the manner in which your units fought the enemy and my only regret is that I was not permitted to employ a larger portion of your fine division. Perhaps later on there may be another opportunity.

And we are still more proud of the letter Sir John Monash, the big shot Aussie himself, their own corps commander, sent to General Bell in which he said:

The dash, gallantry and efficiency of these American troops left nothing to be desired and my Australian soldiers speak in the very highest terms in praise of them. That soldiers of the United States and of Australia should have thus been associated for the first time in such close co-operation on the battlefield, is an historic event of such significance that it will live forever in the annals of our respective Nations.

But we are proudest of all of the testimony we received from the Aussies personally. Those gallant fellows, whose war record stands supreme among all the soldiers who fought on the western front, were sorry to see us leave. In fact, they were gruffly sentimental about our departure. An Australian colonel, in attempting to make a formal speech thanking us, broke off suddenly into vernacular, crying:

"Hell Yahns, you're all right! You'll do us. But you are a bit rough!"

## Home's Best

(Continued from page 23)

But Miss Puschner will hasten to give the credit to her helpers. We meet next Mrs. Marguerite G. Seibert, assistant director of the Division, who handles most of the correspondence with the chairmen of the department child welfare committees relating to emergency aid. She too is a trained social worker, formerly with the Children's Aid Society of Michigan.

Only two other officers of the paid staff—and they're likely out on field duty, where they spend most of their time: Mrs. Marietta McDonald, a Red Cross nurse whose husband gave his life in the service;

and Miss Edith L. Chapman, an Army nurse during the war and in service overseas, then with the United States Veteran Administration and public health nursing before joining the Legion staff. She is an American Legion member, of course, while Miss Puschner, Mrs. Seibert and Mrs. McDonald are Auxiliary members. A small clerical force helps keep the decks cleared in those three busy rooms at headquarters.

"We're the clearing house here," says Miss Puschner, "but it's the hundreds and thousands of (Continued on page 58)

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# Home's Best

(Continued from page 57)

workers in Legion posts and Auxiliary units back home that makes the child welfare program possible."

If anyone doubts that, just take a look at the correspondence that moves in daily across her desk. Letters from members in Maine and Ohio and Kansas and California, and all points between, on every subject connected with the child welfare activities. Reports on individual cases from the department chairmen. Information on the hundreds of families receiving emergency aid. Requests for child welfare literature. Reports on the legislative program. Reports from the Rehabilitation boys over in Washington who are working hand in glove with the Division to secure all possible benefits from the Government for families of veterans whose children are in need.

**B**UT to get a few of those figures. Miss Puschner has them carefully tabulated. "Since the establishment of the National Child Welfare Division," she says, with the light of proud achievement playing about her brown eyes, "a total of 14,505 children have received emergency aid from the Endowment Fund and the funds given us by the Auxiliary, Forty and Eight, and Eight and Forty. The number grew from 108 in 1925, to 3099 in 1932, and 2270 in 1933."

"The biggest item, of course, represents the 9,570 children that were assisted in their homes, where one of the parents was living, usually the mother. There were 700 children assisted who were living with relatives; 326 children in foster boarding homes; 1,157 for whom local county, state and community aid was secured; others were given hospital or institutional care, placed in foster homes, legally adopted, or given other help of an emergency character."

"But that's just a start," she continues, finding another sheet of statistics. "Our whole program is built around the idea that the local posts and units are going to carry as much of the load and assume as much of the responsibility for the care of needy children as possible. They have! Reports show that in 1933 the Legion and the three organizations co-operating rendered service and aid to 182,194 children of veterans of the World War, at a cost of \$724,537."

"We're proud of that! It means the program is getting across back home. With posts in localities where in many instances no other agency for child care and protection exists, The American Legion has an opportunity to render service in the interest of children as has no other organization."

Let's see what goes on "back home" among these thousands of volunteer workers interested in seeing that every child of a veteran has food, clothing, shelter and a chance at an education. At the head

of the list stands Milt Campbell, chairman of the National Child Welfare Committee. "Big Milt"—he's six feet, three-and-a-half inches tall, weighs 240 pounds with Legion cap on—the real bull-o'-the-woods child welfare volunteer! Milt hails from Cincinnati, and leaves town at a moment's notice to attend child welfare conferences and meetings all over the country. Campbell is also director of child welfare for the Forty and Eight. And for fear he might lose the common touch, this general becomes a corporal back home. He's chairman of his post child welfare committee!

"That's where the work begins," Milt declares.

Mrs. Tess Carlson of Minneapolis, National Chairman of the Auxiliary Child Welfare Committee, is no less an authority and no less a leader of child welfare work in the Auxiliary than is Chairman Campbell of the Legion.

**T**HE child welfare work of the Legion is a "three phase" program, and the three items that cover all the activities are: Material relief, in the form of emergency aid and local assistance; legislation, and education.

Let's take a look at the emergency relief project. Approximately \$200,000 per year is received from the endowment fund. The National Finance Committee allocates this income about equally between rehabilitation and child welfare. It goes without saying that income from the Endowment Fund has been reduced somewhat during the depression years. But we have the word of National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel that the fund is remarkably sound and productive, a good example of a wise original investment.

The income is augmented annually by about \$18,000 from the Forty and Eight, \$7,000 from the Auxiliary and \$3,000 from the Eight and Forty.

Chairman Campbell is dead right about the work beginning back in the posts and units. It's the local chairman or the post service officer who must supply the initial steam to the child welfare emergency aid machinery. He finds the needy case. He makes the investigation. He sends the information that secures the needed aid. He follows up with the local assistance that makes better conditions permanent for that family. He—and that Auxiliary partner helping him.

In between them and the national child welfare leaders are the department child welfare committees, and frequently district and county child welfare organizations, in the more populous centers. The five American Legion areas are likewise units for child welfare conferences and programs of activity, with chairmen and other officers.

The Department Child Welfare Chairman is the "clearing officer" for emergency

aid from the National Division. Through his hands must pass the applications for aid before approval of Miss Puschner and Mrs. Seibert.

"I wish it were possible for those department chairmen to realize just how great is our appreciation for the tremendous job they are doing," Miss Puschner says. "Our greatest encouragement comes from the fact that busy men and women devote endless hours to this task."

Well, the reports show that the average department chairman handles from ten to twenty investigations, reports and other child welfare letters per day. He knows the job is big, and is doubtless grateful for any appreciation that comes his way!

Might we take a look at a few of those reports on the needy cases? Certainly, says Mrs. Seibert. Here's a flock of 'em. Select a dozen or so at random, from as many States.

"Here's a typical one," she says. "The family of Mrs. Blank. The veteran died a few years ago. Couldn't connect it with service. See the list of children? Six! Three in school. Here's the sheet that shows her income. Practically nothing. Food to buy, bills to pay, and nobody to help but the Legion. Post service officer filled out the report. Thinks the local community can furnish the woman employment in a few months. But in the meantime, recommends \$25 per month for this family for the next three months. We've sent the first check—and he wrote that it came as a God-send to this mother and children!"

Notice the number of children from a dozen typical cases: Sometimes one or two. Oftener three to five. Sometimes six to nine!

**G**LANCE at the information sheets on the veterans—the fathers. "In veterans' hospital." "Deceased." "Long out of employment."

Or maybe it's "Whereabouts unknown." Or—"State's Prison." A. W. O. L. and out of luck. Well, that's where the need comes in! The American Legion can't stop to build a perfect humanity while mothers and children are hungry and destitute.

Emergency aid! It saves the day for hundreds of Mrs. Blanks and hundreds of orphans every year. It bridges the gap until the community—still under Legion leadership—can secure some sort of permanent rehabilitation and disposition of the case.

How about those families that have money coming to them and don't know about it? There are thousands of them. That's where the "clearance work" with the Rehabilitation Committee comes in, Mrs. Seibert explains. When an investigation report arrives from a department chairman, the Division sends a form to the Rehab office in Washington, which com-



municates at once with the Veterans Administration. In numberless cases the veteran has compensation coming to him and doesn't know it. Frequently the widow has never cashed the adjusted compensation certificate. The Rehab report always shows this up.

"Take this case," suggests Miss Puschner. "Mother and four children—destitute. The report showed the veteran died in a sanitarium, and the date showed the illness could be service connected. We wrote the state service officer and National Rehab to clear up the matter. The result was an initial retroactive check for \$570 and an allowance of \$52 per month for that family! Was it appreciated?"

"Or this one: Six orphans, out on a rocky farm. After much questioning the grandmother, who was caring for them, remembered seeing a 'bonus looking paper' somewhere in the trunk. Sure enough, it was the adjusted compensation certificate, and it brought in a little over \$600."

**E**ARLY in the game, the leaders of the Legion's child welfare work made a momentous decision. Should the Legion go in for "billet" care of children, establishing and maintaining institutions, or give the aid directly to parents or others caring for needy children and keep those children at home where possible? The latter idea won. For the amount of money spent on helping needy children in the homes, not one-tenth of the children could have been maintained in institutions.

"Keep the home together and help keep the child at home!" is almost a battle cry for child welfare workers in the Legion. Of course where institutional care is necessary, The American Legion does not hesitate to use existing institutional set-ups. In some States special billets under the sponsorship or control of the Legion Departments are rendering great service, as the preventorium at Otter Lake, Michigan, the preventorium at Legionville, Kansas, the crippled children's hospital at St. Petersburg, Florida, the Ponca City, Oklahoma, Children's Home, and soldiers and sailors' orphans homes in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Maine—all models of efficiency and high standards in children's institutions. And of course the great army of child welfare workers does not hesitate to call upon every existing organization and agency, governmental, social or what-not, to aid in bringing about some permanent solution of the problem that has brought need to the family of a World War veteran. Such a policy has made possible the securing of aid for those more than 182,000 children per year at present, at a reported cost of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars—and Campbell thinks it would have reached a million last year if it had all been reported.

"It's The American Legion's contribution to our country's greatest asset, young humanity," he says. "The future of America lies entirely in the children of today who in a few years will take over the reins of government and the destiny of the nation.

"We have as our aim to make certain that every child has sufficient food to nourish it properly every day, and a suitable environment in which to grow into a healthy and useful manhood or womanhood."

**W**HICH leads us to the legislative program. For a first-class ringing declaration of principles, this program of the National Child Welfare Committee makes good reading. When Campbell took up the job from the very capable hands of Edwin E. Hollenback he moved up from the chairmanship of the sub-committee on child welfare legislation, and Tom McConnell of Fowler, Indiana, took Milt Campbell's place.

McConnell is a genial, blue-eyed Irishman who has gone at this child welfare legislation work with a will. Incidentally he is child welfare chairman of Area D.

The proper way to get the full importance of the legislative program would be to lock Milt and Tom in a room and listen while they talked each other unconscious. But here's the gist of it for 1933-34, and much progress has been made:

1. A good family desertion and non-support law under which a deserting father can be extradited if he goes into other States.
2. Widowed mother's allowance law that will help keep children in their own homes.
3. Establishing of unpaid county child welfare boards.
4. State Children's Bureau with a qualified director in charge.
5. A public health record for every child.
6. Co-ordinating all county and state child welfare activities, including relief to dependents of veterans.
7. Aid for the care of dependent children in homes with relatives or persons who stand in the relationship of parents.
8. Strengthening of child labor laws and ratification of child labor amendment.
9. So long as the federal Government encourages state activity by federal aid to States, to provide such federal aid for physical rehabilitation, education and vocational guidance, especially for handicapped children.
10. Better laws and standards for dealing with juvenile offenders.

A pretty big order! One that present and prospective Legionnaire legislators might think over.

**A**S TO the program of education, it goes on continually. Through the publicity given the child welfare work of the Legion, through direct contacts of the Division with committee men and committee women, through printed information sent members of posts and units, through conferences and convention meetings, and through numerous other avenues, this program goes on.

At the five area child welfare conferences early in 1934, a total of 2,000 persons were in attendance. They represented not only posts and units from all over the country, but practically every organization and agency in America interested in social welfare. They (Continued on page 60)

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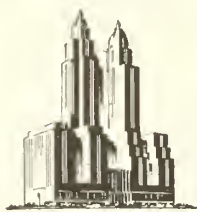
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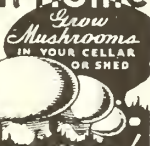


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## Home's Best

(Continued from page 59)

included authorities on child care and guidance in national, state and local governmental units, experts on the subjects of health, recreation, delinquency, education, and myriad other subjects. They took part in the programs, gave interviews, spoke on radio broadcasts, and generally helped the Child Welfare Division and the area and department committees to pile up plenty of goodwill for the Legion.

"The American Legion in its educational program is convincing the nation that it is ever ready and anxious to work side by side with other organizations, and whenever it seems advisable, to assume the leadership in launching local child welfare programs, developing organized and concerted action, and working for legislative measures that will improve opportunities and living conditions for all children," Miss Puschner says.

"To that end we are disseminating through The American Legion the best information known about conditions and needs of children.

"Friends of the Legion see nearly eleven thousand posts and seven thousand units hard at work in local communities in the interest of child welfare. They see us trying to hold homes together, build health, provide education, overcome handicaps and give every child a chance. They hear the expressed gratitude of the thousands of homes receiving aid and rehabilitation.

Can you wonder that they express their hearty approval?"

Not at all. Nor need one wonder that those two well known and far-traveling citizens, National Commander Ed Hayes of the Legion and Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., National President of the Auxiliary, find it impossible to talk about the Legion and Auxiliary aims and activities without giving due place to the child welfare program and due praise to the vast army of willing workers who make the program possible.

Mrs. Biester admirably expressed the spirit of the Legion child welfare work in a message to members of the Auxiliary in these words:

"In the child welfare activities we find a satisfaction and a joy richer than is held by any other activity which it has been my privilege to share. In it we are working with the raw material of American citizenship—unspoiled material ready at our hands for shaping into men and women who will be a pride and support for our country in future years. We are working where everything we do brings human happiness, where even the smallest things bring grateful response. We are letting the sunlight into young lives born in the war's dark shadow, providing nourishment for body and mind, and opening the way for needed growth. What can be more worthwhile? Where can anyone find more absorbing and inspiring endeavor?"

## Lake Legion

(Continued from page 33)

veterans drawing compensation from the Government, according to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee.

Wyandot Post is certain that no other post has three sightless Legionnaires upon its rolls, and it cites them as among its own most active members. All three fought in the hardest battles of the A. E. F., were blinded in the Argonne by enemy rifle fire or shrapnel. All three attended the Evergreen School for the Blind at Baltimore, with other war-blinded, immediately after the war, learned how to adapt themselves to life in a darkened world. Two of them, Elmer F. Stephan, of Company H, 28th Infantry, and Mervin Keener, of Company G, 127th Infantry, had lived in Upper Sandusky before the war. The third, Joseph E. Hulin, of Company K, 39th Infantry, of Baltimore, visited in Upper Sandusky soon after the war, decided later to make the town his home after his sister had married Mr. Stephan and after he himself had married.

Wyandot Post Legionnaires find Stephan, Keener and Hulin always widely informed not only on what the Legion is doing but

also about affairs in general. Mrs. Stephan and Mrs. Hulin read carefully to their husbands magazines and newspapers and books. Stephan has two robust sons of eight and ten. A niece makes her home with Mr. and Mrs. Hulin. Keener lives with his father, 87 years old, and a brother. All three of the disabled men live lives so well-ordered that their fellow post members observe few signs of their disability and strangers usually fail to realize it.

Hulin has become widely known in Ohio as a speaker. After he had addressed a meeting of a neighboring post in Carey, Ohio, this spring, the Carey Legionnaires signed up seventeen new members. Both Mrs. Stephan and Mrs. Hulin are active in Wyandot Post's unit of the Auxiliary.

## Roll Call

**WILLIAM H. GARRIGUS**, author of "Land Hunger," is a member of Russell K. Bourne Post of Wethersfield, Connecticut . . . James E. Darst belongs to St. Louis (Missouri) Post . . . Fairfax Downey is a member of Second Division



Post of New York City . . . Robert B. Anderson is a Legionnaire of Chipilly Post of Chicago, Illinois . . . Peter B. Kyne is a member of Merced (California) Post and was Historian of the Department of California in its second year . . . Orland Kay Armstrong belongs to Goad-Ballinger Post, Springfield, Missouri . . . Harold R. Wheeler is director of the drum corps of Harold F. Akroyd Post of Marlboro, Massachusetts.

Among the artists and illustrators represented in this issue, Herbert Morton Stoops is a member of Jefferson Feigl Post and Kenneth Fuller Camp of Advertising Men's Post, both of New York City . . . Cyrus L. Baldrige is Commander of Willard Straight Post of New York City, Lowell L. Balcom belongs to August Matthias Post which is located in Norwalk, Connecticut.

PHILIP VON BLON

## Swords, Ploughshares and Sense

(Continued from page 15)

requirements. The other half is reserved to continue to supply civilian needs. The location of extra labor supply and other war necessities all are taken into account when the manufacturing plants are chosen, and existing facilities dictate the choice. The plan declares in effect: If there are two or three ways of achieving the object, take the one least disturbing. Use what you have in housing, communications, and so forth. Then you not only save trouble, time, and money, but the return to peace conditions becomes so much the easier.

The Navy Department has proceeded along the same lines in its procurement plans. Confusion and delaying conflicts between the two services in filling their war requirements are obviated. The Army-Navy Munitions Board and other joint agencies are established to co-ordinate and determine military and industrial priority. If the Navy demonstrates the greater need of airplanes, for instance, in a particular emergency, it will get them, though the factory first producing them had previously been allocated to the Army.

Men, Munitions, Money, Morale—these are the Four M's—the Four Musts—for winning a war. To put it in another way, our armed forces, capital and labor, animated by a common will to victory and sharing in the struggle, are the three great partners in a war effort.

Many veterans were dissatisfied with the balance sheet of that partnership sixteen years ago. They justly complained that theirs was the greatest risk and the least gain. Does a planned industrial mobilization offer any remedy?

Industrial mobilization, by its very name and by the definition of it already given, recognizes the partnership of the civilian population in the national effort of war. It not only pre-arranges for as rapid a shift as possible into war time activities. It goes farther than that and plans for the return to a peace time basis. Beating the sword into the ploughshare is not left as a mere figure of speech.

Two years ago the War Policies Commission, consisting of members of the Cabinet and the Congress, met and heard military authorities, industrial chiefs with war experience, and representatives of veterans' organizations. The Commission stated that its purpose was to find means to pro-

mote peace and to equalize the burdens and remove the profits of war. It approved the principles upon which plans for industrial mobilization are developed and recommended that these planning activities continue.

Accordingly, during the past year the War Department has continued to build upon the framework of the plans which received the indorsement of this Commission and has now developed in collaboration with the Navy Department a complete plan for industrial mobilization. Its purpose is to provide a planned war economy which will insure to essential manufacturing facilities an adequate supply of raw materials, labor, money, power and transportation and an equitable distribution of war's burdens and hardships. In normal times these industrial and commercial activities are accomplished, mainly, through the workings of the economic law of supply and demand, with a minimum of interference by the federal Government. In times of emergency, and especially of a major war effort, the national interest demands a strict co-ordination of all industrial and commercial enterprise. Individual initiative and private interests must be subordinated to the common welfare. Some activities must be expanded, some curtailed, and still other entirely new ones must be undertaken. The impulse for all these changes must come from the central government, which alone is in a position to know how the exigency of the whole situation can best be met.

Obviously, the co-ordination and control of such activities in time of war are beyond the sphere of the War Department. Civilian agencies of government will have to perform this task. Congress has imposed upon the Assistant Secretary of War the peace-time responsibility for the development of appropriate plans but not for their execution in time of war.

Briefly, the plans contain provisions first for an industrial control body similar to that developed during the World War; second, a labor administration to insure an equitable distribution and treatment of labor; third, a price control agency to guard against inordinate rises in prices and minimize profiteering; fourth, a public relations administration to provide authoritative information to the public; fifth, a war trade (Continued on page 62)



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# Swords, Ploughshares and Sense

(Continued from page 61)

administration to direct our foreign trade, and, sixth, a capital issues committee to conserve and to guide private capital into essential uses.

To put these plans into operation will require Congressional action, and drafts of bills giving the President the necessary powers to exercise the controls indicated are prepared and kept ready for submission to the Congress in the imminence of war.

The Army Industrial College is another important related activity. This college, established in 1924, is a graduate school for the business side of war, just as the Army War College is the graduate school for the military phases of modern war. Here selected officers of the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps are each year given a ten months' course in all the elements con-

cerned in war procurement and industrial mobilization.

The course includes a study of the fundamentals of business and the organization of our Government. The experiences of this and other countries in industrial mobilization during the World War are analyzed and evaluated. Research into the national resources and the resources of foreign nations is made to determine probable deficiencies and new sources of supply where necessary. Economic theories and the principles upon which peace time economic planning is based are studied with a view to applying them to our concept of a planned war economy.

The force of public opinion is another mighty war factor which the students of the College learn to take into account.

In fact, none of the economic elements of modern warfare, so far as we know them from experience, are neglected.

Industrial mobilization and President Roosevelt's program of recovery and reform have many striking similarities and inter-relations. Fighting a depression has been justly compared to fighting a war. Both programs summon the full national strength to meet the emergency. Both plan to prevent a recurrence of the evil by ending its causes and the situations which invited it. The extraordinary measures required in the World War prepared us for those brought into action by the Administration to combat the depression. So, also, will the severe training we are receiving today stand us in good stead if we must answer the call to arms again.

## The Gobs Took 'Em Over

(Continued from page 36)

for the interesting philatelic exhibit which he lets us reproduce and for this story:

"I have often wondered why, among all of the unsung heroes of the A. E. F., the men of the A. P. O. service have never received a well deserved pat on the back.

"I am enclosing an envelope and a belated apology to the A. P. O.

"The letter contained in the enclosed envelope was mailed to me while I was a recruit at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, sometime in July, 1918, by my brother, who was an officer with the 88th Aero Squadron in France. Before it arrived, I was on my way to France via Montreal. My next stop was Camp Hospital No. 34 at Romsey, England, then on to France where I was a casual in the mud at St. Aignan, then to Company C, 162d Infantry, then into the Railroad Transportation Corps at Le Mans until May, 1919. I was discharged and returned home in June, 1919.

"As well as I can figure out, this letter crossed the Atlantic three times and the English Channel twice and finally reached me at my home in August, 1919.

"I might add that in the ten months I was in France, due to the numerous changes in organizations, I did not receive my first mail from the States until April, 1919. All of my letters from home folks were numbered consecutively and only one out of eight-six sent was missing. I also received my 1918 Christmas package in November, 1919.

"If that isn't a mark for the U. S. Post Office to shoot at, I am entirely wrong."

IN HIS story of the Roosevelt Division in the April Monthly, General Harbord mentioned American Legion, Incorporated, a preparedness organization formed in

1915. That reference brought a number of letters from Legionnaires regarding this earlier association which bore our name. Among these letters was one from John W. Frost of New York City.

Mr. Frost reported that a business associate of his, Alexander M. White, Jr., is a son of the man who was one of the incorporators of American Legion, Inc., and had served the organization as treasurer and president. A full account of that earlier Legion is appearing in this issue of the Monthly and was written by Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, former editor of *Adventure Magazine*, who may be considered its originator. Mr. Frost reported further that Mr. White had in his possession the original corporate seal of the organization, which he wanted to present to the Legion.

In his letter which accompanied the seal when it was delivered to us, Mr. White told us that his father, who passed away in 1929, had been a lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment of Infantry, New York National Guard, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, later becoming Quartermaster of the 12th Regiment. He served also during the World War, being commissioned a captain in the United States Army on May 22, 1918, and assigned to the Military Intelligence Division, General Staff. He later became a member of George Washington Post of the Legion, Department of New York.

The seal of American Legion, Inc., is now in the historical collection at our National Headquarters in Indianapolis.

THE place: Miami, Florida. The time: October 22d to 25th. The events: The national convention of the Legion and the reunions of many veterans' organizations. The man who is ready and

anxious to help plan your reunion: J. K. Williams, Chairman of Reunions, 614 Ingraham Building, Miami. When you report your proposed reunion to Mr. Williams, report also to the Company Clerk so announcements may appear in these columns.

Particulars regarding the following convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are listed:

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION AMERICAN LEGION  
NURSES—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Flora Sheldon, natl. secy., 2176 Atkins av., Lakewood, Ohio.

NATIONAL YEOMEN F.—Ninth annual meeting and reunion. Miss Helen Wienhusen, natl. adjt., 7 May st., New Haven, Conn.

2d Div.—Proposed reunion. Capt. W. J. McCarthy, Police Dept., Miami.

3d U. S. Div.—Former members interested in a convention reunion, address Maj. E. J. Close, Box 3064, Miami.

4th Div.—Details of national reunion, Miami, Oct. 22, also blank for Verdun medal can be obtained by sending name and outfit, with self-addressed, stamped envelope to William C. Brooker, Citizens Bank bldg., Tampa, Fla.

30th (OLD HICKORY) Div.—J. K. Williams, Chmn., 614 Ingraham bldg., Miami.

37th Div.—Donald S. Lavign, chmn., 114 N. E. 2d av., Miami, Fla.

53d INF., Co. L, 6th Div.—Proposed company reunion. Cecil H. Pillans, ex-1st Sgt., Haines City, Fla.

4th ENGRS.—Patrick J. Ganley, comdr., Ft. Dearborn Post, A. L., 6312 Greenwood av., Chicago, Ill.

21st ENGRS., L. R. Soc.—14th annual reunion. Frank L. Frazin, secy-treas., 1825 S. Hamlin av., Chicago, Ill.

28th ENGRS., A. E. F. VETS.—Organized in Chicago, 2d annual reunion in Miami. Erick O. Meling, pres., 2048 N. Spaulding av., Chicago; Frank T. Cushirik, secy-treas., 12206 Lowe av., Chicago, Ill.

56th, 603d and 604th ENGRS. (SEARCHLIGHT)—W. H. White, 4831 Park av., So., Minneapolis, Minn.

60th Ry. ENGRS.—L. H. Foord, secy., 3318 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

212th ENGRS., Co. D, 12th Div.—To include all members of division. A. B. Parks, 318 Cotton States bldg., Nashville, Tenn.

M. T. C. VERNEUIL VETS.—Veterans of Units 301-2-3, M. T. C., located at Nevers and Verneuil, France, Hilmer Gellein, pres., P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich.; Verne M. Corson, reunion officer., 1161 W. Flagler st., Miami, Fla.

106th SUP. TRN., Co. A—2d annual reunion in Miami. M. F. Avery, 19 N. W. 3d st., Miami, Fla., or W. M. Applegate, 6033 Champlain av., Chicago, Ill.

420th TEL. BN., Co. E, S. C.—Send names and addresses to Roy W. Ewing, Route 1, Box 776, Hialeah, Fla.

22d SERV. CO., S. C., U. S. EMBARRATION DIV.—Proposed reunion. Send names and addresses to H. E. Tripp, Jr., 161 Broad st., Newbern, N. C.



35TH AERO SQDRN. and 801ST AERO SQDRN.—Reunion headquarters will be maintained in Miami during convention. (See general reunion list below.) D. K. Mitchell, 51 Park Ave., Middleport, N. Y.

AIR SERV., CARLSTROM and DORR FIELDS—All officers, particularly those who served under Gen. Fechet, interested in convention reunion and proposed organization, report to J. Leo Scanlon, 487 Ellicott Sq. bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

BASE HOSP. 136, A. E. F.—Second annual reunion. First reunion held at Chicago convention, Elmer V. McCarthy, M. D., secy. reunion comm., 108 North State st., Chicago, Ill.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 15 Assoc.—Organized in Chicago, Rev. John Dunphy, pres., Portage, Pa. Write to Mrs. Mary Johnson Cuttell, secy., 76 West st., Milford, Mass.

CAMP HOSP. No. 52, LE MANS, FRANCE—Proposed reunion and organization of a 52 club. Albert Irwin Almand, 333 Holderness st., S. W., West End, Atlanta, Ga.

17TH M. O. R. S., 42d Div.—James P. Stickle, P. O. Box 3363, Daytona Beach, Fla.

SUBMARINE and SUB-TENDER VETS.—Second annual reunion. Irving H. Hunciker, 833 South blvd., Evanston, Ill.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Wilford L. Jeesup, natl. comdg. officer, Bremerton, Wash., Craig S. Herbert, personnel officer, 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa., or R. J. Walters, Miami Aquarium, Miami.

AMERICAN R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—2500 attended Chicago reunion. Clyde D. Burton, comdr., 4827 Lake Park av., Chicago; Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1132 Bryn Maur st., Scranton, Pa.

U. S. A. CANAL ZONE VETS. ASSOC.—Veterans of all outfits that served in the Zone during the World War period, including the 5th, 10th, 29th and 33d Inf., 12th Cav., 3d Engrs., 1st Sep. Mtn. Art., C. A. C. of Forts Grant, Sherman, De Lesseps, etc., Aviation Corps, M. C. Louis J. Gilbert, pres., 260 Gregory av., Pasaic, N. J.

NATIONAL TANK CORPS VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Frank J. Williams, natl. comdr., 534 Brisbane bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

U. S. S. Barney—Reunion of former officers and crew. C. W. Chase, Jr., Miami Beach, Fla.

U. S. S. Iowan—Proposed reunion of members of crew. Stanley W. Campbell, 822 Jefferson av., Scranton, Pa.

Announcements of reunions and miscellaneous activities at other times and places follow:

2d Div.—All veterans entitled to 2d Div. Medal. Apply C. O. Mattfeldt, P. O. Box 1361, Washington, D. C.

SECOND DIV., WESTERN STATES—San Francisco and Los Angeles Branches of Second Div. Assoc. announce reunion of veterans from Western States during Legion Dept. Convention, San Francisco, Calif., August 13-15. Entertainment, banquet and program. E. P. Smith, pres., San Francisco Branch, 2821 Best av., Oakland, Calif.

THIRD DIV. SOCIETY—Annual national convention and reunion, Boston, Mass., July 12-15. James P. Mooers, chmn., 45 Mountain av., Dorchester, Mass.

4TH DIV., CALIF.—Veterans of 4th in Calif. can get sample copy *Ivy Leaves* bulletin and Verdun medal application blank by sending name, outfit and address with stamped envelope to Lewie W. Smith, pres., Calif. Chap., 4517 Marmon Way, Los Angeles, Calif.

4TH DIV. ASSOC. OF NEW YORK—Semi-annual reunion. Write to Gustav H. Lamm, 1541 Hone av., Bronx, N. Y.

SOCIETY OF 5TH DIV.—Annual reunion at Boston, Mass., Sept. 1-3 (Labor Day week-end). David T. Probert, 25 First st., Fair Lawn, N. J.

6TH DIV. ASSOC.—Regular quarterly meeting, San Francisco, Calif., August 12. R. E. Moran, secy., 5941 Monte Vista st., Los Angeles, Calif.

32d DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention in Detroit, Mich. Dates advanced from Sept. 2-5 to Sept. 1-3. Sat., 1st registration, regimental reunions and business meetings; Sun., association meeting, parade and memorial service, banquet at night; Mon., business meetings. Byron Beveridge, secy., 1148 Florence court, Madison, Wis.

35TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Joplin, Mo., Sept. 28-30. All regimental and company organizations are invited to participate. Michael C. Sullivan, secy., 304 East 11th street, Kansas City, Missouri.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—Report to Jim Sterner, secy., 1101 Wyandott bldg., Columbus, Ohio, for periodical copies of *The Division News*. Annual reunion, Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 1-3.

42d (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—16th annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., July 12-14. Wilber M. Brucker, natl. pres., 2480 Penobscot bldg., Detroit, Mich.

89TH (MIDDLE WEST) DIV. WAR SOCIETY—Reunion at Wichita, Kans., Sept. 1-2, in conjunction with Kansas Dept. Legion Convention and reunion of 353d Inf., Leslie E. Edmonds, chmn., 114 S. Broadway, Wichita, Kans.

161st INF. (2d WASH. N. G.)—Annual reunion, Spokane, Wash., August 22-23, in conjunction with Legion Dept. Convention. August 23d is big reunion day. Wally Sprowl, City Engineers Office, City Hall, Spokane, or P. R. (Dad) Maloue, E. 703 Empire av., Spokane, Wash.

353d (ALL-KANSAS) INF. SOCIETY—Annual reunion, Wichita, Kans., Sept. 1-2, in conjunction with Kansas Dept. Legion Convention and 89th Div. reunion. Leslie E. Edmonds, chmn., 114 S. Broadway, Wichita, Kans.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion, Norfolk, Nebr., Sept. 23-24. Albert P. Schwarz, recording secy., 816 Security Mutual bldg., Lincoln, Nebr.

110TH INF., Co. II—Reunion, Washington, Pa., date to be announced. Robert E. Griffiths, City bldg., Washington, Pa.

110TH INF., Co. K—Annual reunion, Wayneburg, Pa., Saturday, August 11. Ernest O. Clayton, Wayneburg, Pa.

127TH INF., Co. G—Annual reunion, Madison, Wis., date to be announced. Matt J. Lynough, 2613 Van Hise av., Madison.

325TH INF., Co. L—Reunion, Springfield, Mass., October 27. Obtain copy 1933 *Reunion News* from A. W. Silliman, Ardley, N. Y.

52d PIONEER INF.—Reunion of all veterans of regiment, New York City Sat., Nov. 10. N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City.

56TH PIONEER INF.—Reunion, Monroe, North Carolina, August 30. S. L. F. Hart, secy., Monroe, North Carolina.

312TH M. G. BN., 79TH DIV.—Men interested in proposed reunion, write to Harry Webb, 9377-114th st., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

313TH M. G. BN.—11th annual reunion, Erie, Pa., Sunday, August 5. L. E. Welk, 210 Commerce bldg., Erie, Pa.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Springfield, Mass., Sept. 1-3. R. C. Dickieson, secy-treas., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

67TH F. A. (formerly 311TH CAV.)—Proposed veterans' organization. Report to Leonard A. Kallen, 3566 N. E. 25th av., Portland, Ore.

143d F. A., 40TH DIV., and 1st BN. CALIF. F. A.—Association organized. Dues very nominal. All veterans report to H. N. Krenkel, secy., 143d F. A. Assoc., U. S. Marine Hosp., San Francisco, Calif.

146TH and 148TH F. A., 66TH BRIG.—First reunion on Reunions Day, Aug. 22, day prior to opening of Washington Legion Dept. convention, Spokane, Wash. Henry J. Beneke, Btry. F Assoc., 146th F. A., 915 First av., Spokane.

148TH F. A. Assoc.—Branches are being formed throughout the country. Reunions are held each Armistice night. For general information, address T. T. Houghton, Room 140, State House, Denver, Colo.

309TH F. A.—6th annual reunion, Camp Benoico on Illinois River at Florence, Ill., bridge, Sunday, August 26. Evan L. Searcy, secy., 229½ S. 6th st., Springfield, Ill.

322d F. A. Assoc.—Reunion at Dayton, Ohio, dates to be announced. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio.

11q. DET., 39TH ART. BGDE., C. A. C.—Proposed reunion. R. J. Steedly, Bamberg, S. C.

60TH REGT., BTRY. A, C. A. C.—Annual reunion, Russells Point, Ohio, August 5. Rolland E. Cook, 1000 N. Michigan st., Plymouth, Ind.

SAUMUR ARTILLERY SCHOOL—Proposed reunion of men who attended L'Ecole d'Artillerie Americaine at Saumur, France, during war. John S. Boyd, 1520 Widener bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

31ST RY. ENGRS. OF THE A. E. F. VETS. OF—6th annual reunion, Baltimore Hotel, Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 1; side trip to old headquarters, Ft. Leavenworth, Kans., Sept. 2. F. E. Love, secy-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, basket picnic, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 2. Hq. at Gibbons Hotel, Geo. Rempel, 1225 Alberta st., Dayton, Ohio.

107TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—16th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 10. Joe A. Irdick, secy., 2209 W. 41st., Milwaukee, Wis. (Continued on page 64)

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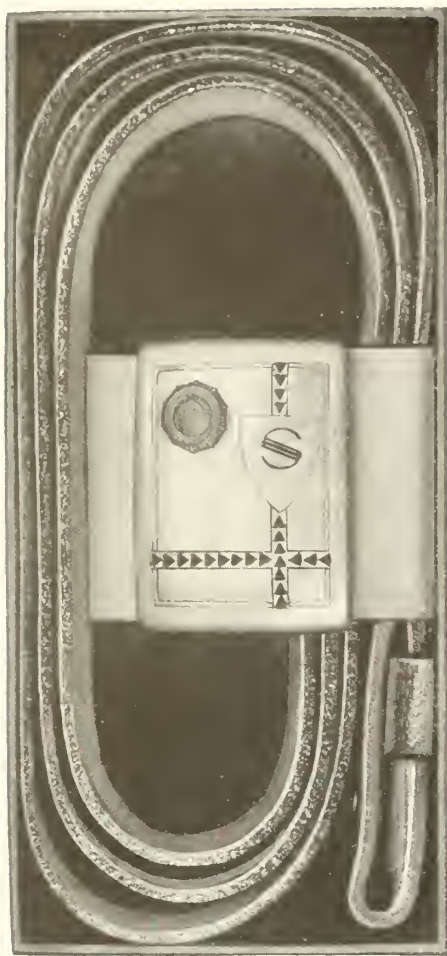
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Belt size..... color..... initial.....

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

I am a member of Post No..... Dept. of.....

7-34

## The Gobs Took 'Em Over

(Continued from page 63)

302d ENGRS.—Reunion dinner, Buffalo, N. Y., Saturday, Sept. 1, in conjunction with Legion Dept. Convention. All 77th Div. vets. invited. Fred Rupp, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

509TH ENGRS., Assoc. and Aux.—11th annual reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 24-25. Hq. at Netherland Plaza Hotel. Clarence Denning, pres., 707 Times Star Tower, Cincinnati, or C. E. Orr, secy., 678 S. Remington rd., Columbus, Ohio.

314TH TRENCH MORTAR BTRY., 89TH DIV.—Reunion at Swan Lake, near Viborg, S. D., July 29. J. G. Pfeiffer, secy., Freeman, S. D.

Co. F, 309TH SUPPLY TRN. Soc.—8th annual meeting, Lafayette Hotel, Lexington, Ky., August 11-12. C. C. Ferry, secy., Bardwell, Ky.

TROOP G, 16TH U. S. CAV.—Proposed reunion. Report to Arthur H. (Chick) Chiconi, 2183 Cornell rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

35TH AND 801ST AERO SQDRNS.—Third annual joint reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 1-3. D. K. Aitchell, 51 Park av., Middleport, N. Y.

50TH AERO SQDEN.—Reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 1-4. J. Howard Hill, secy., Hotel Portage, Akron.

801ST (formerly 107TH) AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 1-3. Walker Long, pres., Gas City, Ind., or V. B. Kincaid, secy., Veterans Administration Home, Bath, N. Y.

21UTH Co., M. P. C. (Formerly Co. B, 1ST ARMY Hq.)—Proposed reunion. Send names and addresses to J. Ed. Gagnon (Nemo), Derryfield Club, Manchester, N. H.

308TH AMMUN. TRN., Co. G—Reunion, South City Park, Mansfield, Ohio, Aug. 5. O. J. Neill, pres., Ottawa, Ohio.

COAST GUARD VETS.—To contact other veterans and to complete roster, report to N. J. Schank, 3241 N. Ashland av., Chicago, Ill.

MARINES—Reunion of all Marines of World War in the Northwest on Reunions Day, Aug. 22, day prior to opening of Washington Legion Dept. convention, Spokane, Wash. F. E. Fogelquist, reunion chmn., Spokane Det., Marine Corps League, 1 Howard st., Spokane.

16TH BALLOON Co.—Reunion, Erie, Pa., August 15-18, in conjunction with Pennsylvania Dept. Legion Convention. Ray Rupp, adjt., A. L. Post No. 416, Erie, Pa.

U. S. S. Virginia—Reunion of crew in Boston, date to be announced. J. J. Tibbetts, 20 Hurlcroft av., Medford, Mass.

U. S. ARMY AMBULANCE SERV. ASSOC.—15th annual Isaac convention, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City, N. J., July 12-15. Wilbur P. Hunter, natl. adjt., 5315 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMB. Co. 35 VETS. ASSOC.—Third annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., Sunday, Sept. 2. Harry E. Black, Box 153, Parnassus Sta., New Kensington, Pa.

SAILORS—Reunion of all World War sailors in the Northwest on Reunions Day, Aug. 22, day prior to opening of Washington Legion Dept. convention, Spokane, Wash. Vic Lindon, skipper Spokane Port No. 1, Brig & Fo'c'sle Club, 720 E. Ermina av., Spokane.

NAVY—All Navy reunion, New Castle, Ind., Aug. 3-4. Dr. Robert O. Levell, P. O. Box 163, New Castle.

DEPT. OF PENNSYLVANIA, A. L.—Will hold its convention in Erie, Pa., August 16-18. All veterans outfits, especially 25th, 79th and 80th Divisions and other Pa. units, are invited to hold reunions at that time and place. Allan H. MacLean, chmn., reunions comm., 713 Plum st., Erie, Pa.

DEPT. OF CALIFORNIA, A. L.—Veterans of the following outfits will hold reunions during 16th annual convention, San Francisco, Calif., Aug. 13-15: First, Second, Fourth and Sixth Divisions; 18th Engrs.; Vet. Signal Corps of Calif.; 159th Inf. Vets. Assoc. (incl. 5th Calif. Inf.); U. S. S. Konigen der Nederlanden; Marine Corps League; Siberian Vets.; 91st Div.; Balloon Corps Vets.; San Francisco Artillery units (incl. 62d and 67th Art., 40th R. R. Art., 1st Anti-aircraft and 1st Army Art. Park.) For information, write to Phil Benjamin, chmn. reunions and banquets comm., 226 Veterans' bldg., San Francisco.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

357TH INF., Co. M—Officers, men and medical officer who recall George K. Box being wounded and gassed in Argonne, Nov. 10, 1918, also treated for dysentery at Toul, Oct. 2, 1918.

58TH INF., 1st Bn.—1st Lt. John H. ROMMAN, Sgts. Herman A. KRUG and L. J. HARTMAN, and others who recall Ivy L. BREWSTER being gassed about Oct. 7, 1918, sent to first aid but no treatment account removal of station because of shelling of Cuisy. Also Dr. Charles Fergus McCusker who treated BREWSTER for heart ailment, stomach and nervous disorder, Pomeroy, Germany, 1918-19.

60TH INF., 2d Bn. Hq., 5th Div.—Maj. BALDWIN,

Sgt. Maj. Roger G. JONES, Henry ABRAHAM, runner, Pvt. MULHALL and others who recall Tom Brown being gassed about Oct. 20, 1918, near Madeleine Farm. Was refused treatment at first aid, but later sent back to Base Hosp. No. 34.

123TH INF., Co. I (?), 32d Div.—Lt. in charge, sergeant who took him to hospital near Nevers, France, or others who recall back injury sustained by Edward CARLSON, Nov., 1918.

15TH INF., Co. L (China, 1915), also 4TH INF., SUP. Co. (France, 1918)—Raymond CLARE and others to assist Pvt. ED CARTER in establishing claim.

3d Co., C. A. C., Manila Bay, P. I.—Former members who recall stomach trouble suffered during 1915 by John J. CASEY, now patient in govt. hosp.

85TH DIV.—Anyone who served with this division in North Russia knowing Linar W. HANSON in earlier service between Sept. 1 and Dec. 30, 1917. Also present address of John FOGARTY, same division.

28TH INF., or AMB. Co. 13, 1st Div.—Capt. Campbell KING, Lt. PERKINS, Sgt. CLARY and others who recall Pvt. John GLINICH being gassed in Argonne action, Sept. 29 or Oct. 1, 1918.

U. S. S. Sara Thomson—Men of crew who recall Frank M. HANSON, C. M. I. C., going with others aboard U. S. S. Buffalo for physical examination to extend enlistment and being rejected by doctor account disability.

HAEUBECK, Carl—Officers and men who recall this soldier being shell-shocked during service. HAEUBECK lives in Minnesota.

44TH INF., Co. D—Emmet HENDERSON and others who helped Stewart HANCOCK up barracks steps after he fell on icy pavement while on guard duty at Butte, Mont., during strike, Oct.-Nov., 1918.

38TH INF., Co. D, 3d Div.—Men who recall serious illness of John HEIMMERMAN during first week of Oct., 1918, in France.

39TH INF., Co. H—Pvt. Nathaniel HOLSTEIN, J. J. CORRIGAN and others who recall foot trouble suffered by W. Henry HOOPER on hike from Commerce, France, to Coblenz, Germany, Nov.-Dec., 1918; also deafness after attack of flu in Coblenz, Dec., 1918.

319TH INF., 3d Bn. SUP. Co., and Co. M—Men who recall Eliot JOHNSON being transferred from Co. M to Sup. Co., after suffering serious foot trouble following hike.

117TH ENGRS., Co. D, 42d Div.—Former members, also doctors, nurses and others who recall William Vorrey KELLOGG (known as "CORNFLAKES") being seriously gassed during action on Champagne front, July 17, 1918. Hospitalized and first-aid treatment.

LEIS, James Carl, served with Co. B, 15th Engrs., 6 ft. 1 in., age 37, blue eyes, dark brown hair mixed with gray, worked as locomotive engr. Missing since May 19, 1933, from vets. hospital, Johnson City, Tenn.

37TH ENGRS., Co. B—Men who recall Pvt. Rogers LOGUE being injured at Pierfaiette, France, and sent to hospital at Langres.

31ST Co., 3d PLATOON, GEN. SERVICE INF., Ft. Thomas, Ky.—Joseph McDONALD, McLAUGHLIN, BLACK, Thomas R. MCCLELLAN, Charles J. WUPST, David B. ZUSSMAN, SHOEMAKER, Sgts. WAY and Wm. N. CHAMBERLAIN, Cpl. DUNDEE and others who recall John E. McDONALD being patient with flu, rheumatism and shell shock at post hospital, Oct., 1918.

353d INF., Co. B—Sgts. Stanley LLOYD and DICKENSON, Pvts. Walter GOLDBERRY and William M. DRAPER, and others who recall injury to ears suffered by Elmer EARL PORTER during severe shelling in Bantheville Woods, France, latter part of Oct., 1918.

RADIO SEC., Co. C, 109TH F. S. BN.—Men who recall William J. PURSE being pushed out of railroad car when engine backed into train, Toul, France, Jan., 1919.

30TH INF., Hq. Co., 3d Div.—Sgts. Sidney W. ROGERS, BENNETT and GLAZBRUCK, Cpl. BALZER, Pvts. LEMP, John SULLIVAN, A. BEZENIS and others who recall back injury and illness of Pvt. Paul SCARBROUGH while in Mayen, Germany.

321ST INF.—Lt. Thomas F. BORDEN, Sgt. GENTRY or GENNINGS and others who recall first aid man dressing leg wound of Andy A. SMITH, suffered Nov. 11, 1918. Lt. Borden will remember Smith hiking back with trouser leg split.

321ST F. A., Btry. F—Men who recall Pvt. W. E. STEVENS suffering foot disability and cutting new pair of shoes on hike from Les Islettes to camp near Ste. Meneshoude, France, Nov. 25-29, 1918.

107TH M. G. BN., Co. B, 28TH DIV.—Lt. George H. ORMON, Cpl. Ernest FROSTBUTTER and others to assist Jerry B. VIAR.

Co. A, DEMONSTRATION BN., G. H. Q. No. 5—James R. GILLEY and others who recall Oliver L. VICKERS going to hospital at Langres, France, Sept., 1918, for treatment of right knee; also infirmary treatment at Le Mans.

113TH F. S. BN., Co. C, Vonnaton, Dept. Gironde, France, Mar., 1919—Alfred J. CURTIS, Earl SWILDFERGER and others who recall Matt M. WELSH being struck in face by some object while SWERDFERGER was suffering hallucination he was in a gas attack. Several teeth loosened, neglected treatment and subsequent infection has caused him to lose sight entirely.

107TH AMMUN. TRN., Co. D, 32d Div.—Truck driver, ammunition handlers and others who recall back injury to George E. WHITE when he fell with 155 shell being unloaded from truck about Sept. 1, 1918.

JOHN J. NOIL  
The Company Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



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